

With this Number is gratuitously given a Supplement containing Portraits of the Grand Duchess Marie Alexandrovna and H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, recently wedded at St. Petersburg.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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THE GREAT PAPER DELUGE.

THE ARTIFICIAL SEA IN THE PLAY OF "MONEY" IN THE NATIONAL THEATRE.

SHERMAN (sounding for bottom—gold basis)—"I'm sure I almost touch bottom, and if you could only stop those porpoises from agitating this greenback sea, we should certainly get down to hard-pan!"
SCHURZ—"I think I touched the solid rock, but these inflationists have roiled the water so much, that it is hard to tell."
MORTON (to Kelley)—"These fellows think they touched bottom, but if they had our fish-eyes they'd see that their poles are a long way from the hard-pan yet. The tide of greenbacks must go down a great deal before they can get a solid footing."
KELLEY—"There is too much wind for the sea to go down; but I don't like that silver sunrise. It means that the clouds are breaking away, and that these men will soon see the gold."

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
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 FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
 NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 14, 1874.

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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is the oldest established illustrated newspaper in America.

We this week present to our readers a Supplement, containing Portraits of the Grand Duchess Marie Alexandrovna, the only daughter of the Russian Czar, and her newly wedded husband, the Duke of Edinburgh, Queen Victoria's second son. Every purchaser of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is entitled to receive it.

FROM BAD TO WORSE.

IN regard to the finances, the most that can be expected from the present Congress is that it will not plunge the country into new depths of confusion from which it will be more and more difficult to rescue it. But even this cannot be expected with any confidence, if we are to take the proceedings in regard to the so-called "reserve" as a sign of what Congress may do. It is the height of absurdity to call the notes referred to a "reserve," in any sense. If we suppose a merchant in great embarrassment to have agreed with his creditors to give notes to a certain amount, and subsequently to have paid off ten per cent. of those notes, and then to have insisted that the same creditors should receive these paid-off notes again for other claims at the face value, we have some faint illustration of what the Government of the United States has done in this matter. If now we suppose this debtor to have had the power of compelling his creditors to take his notes, we should have an exact parallel to the conduct of the Government. But we should have no parallel to its ignorance and its bad faith. No merchant would doubt that such a procedure was, to the last extent, a bad one, or would hope to maintain his reputation after he had resorted to it. But the shallow-minded gentlemen who are responsible for the administration of the Treasury maintain that they are doing rather a creditable thing in reissuing notes that have been canceled.

It may seem unnecessary to go into an argument on this matter, which has been so clearly and so frequently discussed; but when Mr. Boutwell, an ex Secretary of the Treasury, defends in the Senate the policy of the Department, and when the House Committee on Ways and Means proposes an act legalizing it, it is evident that discussion is not exhausted or untimely. Let us look, then, for a moment at the origin of this "reserve." The legal-tender notes were authorized by Congress in three Acts passed nearly within a year, and during the darkest days of the war, between February 25th, 1862, and March 3d, 1863. The language of all the acts of authorization is the same, and is as follows: "That the Secretary of the Treasury is hereby authorized to issue, on the credit of the United States, — millions of dollars of United States notes, not bearing interest, payable to bearer at the Treasury of the United States." By this it will be seen that these notes are simply evidences of indebtedness. They were made legal-tender for private debts; i. e., they were given the power of forming, when tendered, a discharge of any private obligation, and thus were made to perform, after a fashion, one of the services of money. But they were not money. They did not in fact discharge all debts. They especially did not discharge that debt owed by the United States of which they were the evidence. The people were forced, by the law of Congress—quite justified, perhaps, by the necessity of the moment—to take the notes for such commodities and services as the Government needed. But the notes were still notes of credit, and were, by their terms, payable at the Treasury, and the obligation of the Government to pay them remains until they are paid.

In 1866, Mr. McCulloch, the then Secretary of the Treasury, commenced paying off these notes, as any honest Secretary should. They then amounted to \$400,000,000. But he paid them off so rapidly, that the people who had been using them as money were inconvenienced, and Congress checked him by an Act (April 12th, 1866), declaring that, "of United States notes not more than" a certain amount per month "may be retired and canceled." It is plain that Congress then regarded the act of the Secretary as a final disposition of the notes. They described it as "retiring and canceling." Subsequently, when this process had reduced the notes to \$356,000,000, Congress, by the Act of February 4th, 1868, stopped it entirely. In that Act the process is again described, and the authority for it is called "the authority of the Secretary of the Treasury to make any reduction of the currency by retiring or canceling United States

notes." Nothing, it will be seen, is even intimated of any possibility of the reissue of the notes. On the contrary, they are spoken of as "canceled." They are treated, as what they are, simple evidences of debt, which, when the debt is paid, are disposed of. The fact that before they were paid they were a legal-tender for certain kinds of debts is of no consequence after they were paid. In the one case they were promises to be met; in the other they were promises fulfilled. In the former case the debtor who gave them to a creditor transferred the right to the fulfillment of the promise; in the latter, there was nothing to transfer; the notes were, in law, nothing.

But in 1872 a great light dawned on the mind of the statesman then occupying the Treasury Department. Mr. Boutwell suddenly discovered that he had the right to reissue these notes in any amount, at any time, for any payment due by the Government, that he might choose. He found out that the notes were still money. He gave them the name of a "reserve." He affected to be very careful about how he should use them; but he claimed the right to use them wherever it should commend itself to his judgment. The Finance Committee of the Senate, of which Mr. Sherman was the chairman, opposed this theory with great firmness and clearness, and exposed its fallacy as well as its extremely dangerous character. But what is the wisdom of a Senatorial Committee compared to the wisdom of Boutwell? Nay, what is the authority of the Constitution compared to the authority of the distinguished retail shopkeeper of Groton, in whom the unerring eye of Grant had discovered the finance minister of the age?

There is great virtue in sheer obstinacy. The "damnable iteration" which worried honest Jack Falstaff has worn out many a more patient mind. By dint of steadily preaching and practicing his absurd notions, Mr. Boutwell so far obtained credit for it, that the Ways and Means Committee now propose to give it the sanction of law. We may hope it may not be done. Hope, indeed, as we know, springs eternal in the human breast. But it is in this case an irrational hope, unjustified by anything Congress has done lately, or promises to do.

WANTS OF THE WORKINGMEN.

TO the cool and reasoning student of the laws that govern society it seems necessary that financial crises, such as that through which we are now passing, should be attended by business disaster for capitalists, and by much discomfort and suffering for laboring men. It appears plain enough to such a student that the end of disaster and suffering is to be found as the resultant of certain inevitable principles which neither the calculations of blundering statesmanship nor the clamors of a discouraged people can change.

In American society the lines of conservative thinking have been straight. Nowhere else have the people been so quiet and uncomplaining. The native-born American is always a patriot, and seldom a grumbler. He will suffer wrong from an established institution that his forefathers made, and dare any man to insult the beautiful flag that waves from its topmost peak. Equality under that flag, whether there be equality or not, is the burden of the demagogue's declamation and the poet's dream. To hear the Declaration of Independence read every sultry Fourth of July, and to know that what exists is justified in some way or another by "our glorious Constitution," have always been felt to be the only duties of an American. We have been a very quiet, slow, comfortable and conservative people. Our representative business man has been Childs; our representative soldier, Scott; our representative journalist, Raymond. Our national life has been found in Cushing's "Manual." We have been a great middle-class, with only a few indigent persons in the poor-houses.

It is easy and safe to apply axioms of political economy to such a people. But since 1861 the people have changed; social relations have changed; the great importer is not what he was; the laborer is not what he was. In 1861 our money was silver and gold, and a pound of butter could be bought for a silver "quarter." Since then prices of necessities and comforts have doubled, while wages have not. The civil war gave us paper money, credits, speculations, railroads, new farms and new industries. Suddenly the new industries are found to have over-produced, the new farms to have grown more grain than can be got to market, the new railroads to be bankrupt and inefficient, the speculations to be miscalculated and overdone, the credits to be unwise and careless, and the paper money to have no basis of security. A great many people—Americans who became stimulated by the frenzy of fast times, and foreigners who came over the ocean expecting to find life Elysian and labor Arcadian—are now left without comfort and without food. There is found to have crept in among us, under our middle-class still another, a lower class. To us, that class is a problem. To itself, it is a force—not the quiet force of the growing tree, but the gathering power of a volcano. It is not easy to apply to this new force the principles of political economy, especially if it will not have them applied. A mile of buffaloes

chased by a prairie-fire does not calculate distance by the rule of three. Good advice cannot appease hunger. Workingmen are demanding not only bread for to-day, but something more than bread—comfort, decency, hope for to-morrow. We must respect, thus far, the demand, and we must be aware of the great number of those who make that demand. Denounce Schwab, who refused three dollars and a-half a day because his employer made more than that; repel the assaults of passionate men who would turn the grocery stores into the streets; but when men meet together in a fair way, under the sanction of the laws, respect them, if they ask that society, or the governing power of society, shall give them all it can give towards their bread, their comfort and their children's position in the world. In doing this we may prevent them from becoming Schwabs.

Thus we have the problem, What shall Government do? First, it must prudently deal with the strata of society that sometimes upheaves into riot; and though public opinion will sustain it in protecting life and property, greater ability of statecraft is necessary in dealing with clubs and paving stones before they are hurled, than is demanded in discussing the quieter problems of tariffs and transportation. The time has not come when the slow American society of fifteen years ago has grown so radical as to divide up men's property among all classes. In any conflict of Communism against owners of property, five-sixths of the people will side with the Government against equal distribution. If Communism should ever become an American idea, which is hardly possible, nothing could regulate the system but a prohibition of moneyless immigration and an organization of Know-Nothingism; and the genius of the country is now opposed to either. Nor is it possible that Government will be so unwise as for a moment to entertain the notion that a man's earnings shall be limited. A more liberal distribution of profits as between employers and laborers can be regulated only by the immutable laws of trade. The principle of demand and supply must prevail in any system of production and distribution. Any principle in antagonism to this must involve anarchy, misery and commercial ruin. Capital must be fostered and protected, in the interests of labor itself; and when we come to consider what exertions of mind and muscle, what days of trembling anxiety and nights of sleepless fear men of capital have given to the accumulation of wealth and its preservation, we must sympathize with them.

The problem that our governmental representatives may employ themselves in solving is, whether the laws that control the machinery for the accumulation of wealth, in so far as laws ought to interfere with it at all, may be improved so as to induce a better distribution of the combined profits of capital and labor. May labor not receive more? According to the theories which philosophers have announced as the principles of political economy, the wages of labor are paid in proportion to the value of labor as a market supply, and are regulated by population and profits. But Government may impose conditions upon franchises and charters. It often has—for instance, where railways have been debarred from charging more than a certain number of cents a mile for their passenger tariff; the reason for the imposition of the condition being that the uses of the railways were public, and that the disadvantages they caused were so public that the people should have some of the privileges. A minimum tariff of freights may be imposed by the State; but the stocks will fall in the market, and when they become less desirable for investment, they may be purchased at a low price by those who wish to manage a railway at the reduced rate of freightage. Whether or not Government would be justified in doing so would depend upon the losses incurred by present innocent holders of stocks. Government might go still further, and charter companies of any kind—railroad, insurance, banking, manufacturing and commercial—upon the condition that laborers or investors should receive a certain share of the profits, after deducting fair interest on the capital. This is done now by mutual insurance companies for their own advantage. Government control of chartered banks might partially prevent the use of the people's money for stock speculations; though few men would care to own banks that could not loan some proportion of the deposits. We know that Government interference with the interest rates has resulted in illegal but practical evasions of the law; that managers of chartered institutions have stolen what they could not earn; that mutual insurance companies give inordinate dividends and salaries to their controllers; that governmental management has always resulted in fraud and corruption. Yet the experiment in relation to chartered industries might be tried. But Government ought not to assume responsibilities of management, nor to rob capital to pay labor. It may safely refuse monopolies, and pass general laws for the incorporation of companies. If the conditions of incorporation are too hard, men will not invest their money.

We do not advocate any governmental interference at all; and only say that what we have here suggested will probably before long become subjects of consideration by the law-makers of the nation. Our opinion is that the present system of special and monopoly

legislation is criminal, and that conservative general legislation will go far to remedy the evils that afflict our workingmen.

THE UNIVERSITY REGATTA.

THE recent meeting of the College Rowing Association attracted almost as much attention as it would have attracted had it been a convention of politicians, met to deliberate upon the great problem of office getting. We do not look for the perfection of human wisdom in the deliberations of a company of enthusiastic undergraduates; and it is not, therefore, a matter of surprise that a resolution to limit the entries for future University regattas to crews connected with New England colleges was brought before the meeting. We need only congratulate the boating-men that so absurd a resolution was promptly voted down, and that the rest of the proceedings of the convention were eminently judicious. The two most noteworthy results achieved were the decision that crews of medical and theological schools were henceforth not to be eligible for the regattas, and the selection of Saratoga Lake as the course for the race next July. As to the refusal to admit theological and medical students to an undergraduate contest, it was as necessary and proper as it would be to refuse to admit crews formed from college classes that graduated five or ten years ago. A line of division must be drawn somewhere, or else the University Regatta will cease to be in any true sense a University affair. That it should be limited to undergraduates, whether in the classical or scientific department, is so obviously proper, that the question hardly admitted of debate.

The selection of the best possible course has always been a bone of contention among the various colleges belonging to the Rowing Association. In the days when the University boat race was merely a contest between Yale and Harvard, Lake Quinsigamond was selected, for the reason that it was about midway between the two colleges. When, however, the Yale-Harvard race grew into a regatta, in which half-a-dozen college crews competed, it was no longer possible to overlook the manifest disadvantages presented by Lake Quinsigamond. A course was therefore laid out on the Connecticut River, near Springfield, and it was here that the most recent regattas were rowed. But there are grave objections to this course. The river is too narrow to afford equal advantages to each of a dozen rival crews; since it is perfectly evident that the boats whose path lie down the middle of the stream where the current is strongest have a manifest advantage over those stationed near the banks. Moreover, the river is a winding one; and unless the line marking the end of the course is drawn diagonally across the stream, one-half of the course will be longer than the other half. The line was so drawn last year, and every one remembers that it was a fruitful source of argument and ill-temper after the race, several of the crews, under the erroneous supposition that the line was drawn at right angles to the stream, having ceased their efforts before they had really reached the end of the course. And, aside from the disadvantages of the narrow and winding stream, there was much dissatisfaction felt last year with the conduct of certain "over-smart" Springfield people, who were thought to have looked upon the regatta as a golden opportunity to charge exorbitant prices for lodging, food and hack-hire. Whether or not this charge was strictly true, it was certainly widely observed, and had its share in inducing the Rowing Convention to refuse to adhere to the Springfield course for the ensuing regatta.

Of all available rowing courses, that of Saratoga Lake is confessedly the best in the Eastern States. The lake is wide enough to accommodate a score of boats, and to leave abundant room, besides, for any quantity of accompanying craft. The surface of the lake is sheltered from the wind, and hence affords smooth water; while the hills which encircle the lake form the sides of an immense amphitheatre, from which tens of thousands of spectators can see the beginning and the end of a boat-race. No one pretends that there is the slightest objection that can honestly be brought against the Saratoga Lake course. The only argument which is made against its selection is, that Saratoga will corrupt and demoralize the tender undergraduates who attend the regatta.

By some curious process of reasoning it has been decided by certain persons having more or less voice in the affairs of the Rowing Association that the terrible John Morrissey is the absolute despot of Saratoga, and that to every young man who goes to see the regatta he will issue the dread command, "Young man, come and gamble." Whereupon the young man will meekly go and gamble, and so ruin himself for time and eternity. It is true that this assertion has not been made in so many words, but such is the real meaning of the claim that the regatta must not be held at Saratoga Lake, because John Morrissey keeps a club-house in Saratoga. This objection is simply the most preposterous nonsense that otherwise sensible men could well devise. So far as Morrissey's club-house is concerned, it has about as much to do with a boat-race on Saratoga Lake as it has with a ball-match

on Boston Common. That men will bet on the regatta is inevitable; but there is no reason to suppose that they will bet any more or any less because the race is rowed at Saratoga than they would if it were rowed at Worcester or Springfield. And the theory that the mere presence of Mr. Morrissey, should he care to attend the regatta, will bring a blush to the cheek of the young undergraduate person will hardly be credited, even in the secluded rural homes of the Amherst "Aggies."

And yet it seems as if the regatta were really about to suffer from this absurd and whimsical scruple. In spite of the efforts of the President of the Young Men's Christian Association of Saratoga to reassure the timid souls who dread the name of Morrissey, Amherst College has decided to withdraw from the regatta precisely because of that curious dread. One might fancy that if the existence of a gambling-house in Saratoga is a reason why a race should not be rowed on Saratoga Lake, the presence of a "Y. M. C. A." in that flourishing town should be equally a reason why the race should be rowed on Saratoga Lake—the one having quite as much to do with the regatta as the other. The example of Amherst may very probably, however, be followed by one or two other New England Colleges, and the regatta be thus deprived of the presence of crews who can certainly row, if they do not reason upon questions of morals and Morrissey with remarkable acuteness. This will be a matter of serious regret to every one who has the interests of the University Regatta at heart, and it is to be earnestly hoped that Amherst will reconsider its decision, and yield to the wishes of the convention in whose proceedings it joined, and to the gentle blandishment of the President of the Saratoga Y. M. C. A.

Saratoga is not a *bizarre* watering place; it is a country village; and of all places of Summer resort it contains the best classes of resident and temporary population. It is too far from the great cities to attract the vagabond travelers of Summer. The lake is three and a half miles from the village, surrounded by farm-houses and quiet Summer residences. The old settlers who look down upon its waters are among the most conservative people in America; and among that class the college oarsmen find a temporary home, without the annoyances that come from a city like Boston or Springfield. The crews must necessarily confine themselves to simple food, without stimulants. Their habits will not allow them to seek even the waters of the springs. And when the race is over they have no reason to remain a day longer upon the shores of the lake than their strong minds will permit. Christians from all parts of the country send Sunday-school children thither upon innocent excursions; and at Round Lake, near by, college crews may hear, from groves where camp-meetings pitch their tents, the most persuasive eloquence and the most cheerful hymns, calling them in the stillness to give their souls to God. In a religious sense, Saratoga Lake is the best rowing-course in the world.

NEW JOURNALISM.

SEVERAL lengthy discussions of the probable future of journalism, which have appeared in the leading newspapers, indicate that the problem in the minds of those most interested in it has become troublesome. Readers of newspapers are just as anxiously and just as calmly endeavoring to give a solution. Criticism of newspaper deficiency is becoming broader than formerly, and praise of newspaper enterprise is becoming more liberal. Old prejudices are giving way to clear intelligence, and where men formerly asked only that the opponents of their party should be brutally condemned by any kind of argument, they now demand not an organ, but a newspaper. Readers are also more changeable, having no longer in a newspaper a household god; so that a man will one day buy one paper, and another day buy its rival. Thus we have seen Democrats enjoying the paradoxical privilege of reading the *Tribune*, and the most radical of men sinking into quiet corners with the *lullaby* of the *Times*.

Then, again, we hear promises of new organs, because old ones do not represent old ideas, but have become so wealthy as to dare to present their editors' individual opinions. But new organs of old thought are not needed, because the changes in political organizations have broken up old habits of reading, and prejudices have been dispelled by the subordination of political topics to liberal enterprises of news. People demand an adjustment of newspaper literature to new lines of thought. Leading editorials are becoming newsy; and they are revelations rather than comments. At no time in the history of American journalism has faithfulness to party dogmas been of so little worth as it is this year, so that where men once looked for a party Koran, they now seek for a daily *Cyclopedia*. We no longer swear vengeance or fealty to our rulers; we laugh at them as weak men; and while the leading editorial is a cartoon in types, the little paragraph is a minion caricature.

It is unsafe for an editor to write articles about Democracy at a time when the Democratic Party is only historical and has no hold on the faith of today. We see Mr. Watterson writing his paper down as Democratic, and

discussing problems that provincial Democracy never dreamed of. And we have examples of journals proclaiming Democratic opposition, while their circulations are sinking into the cellars of old-paper warehouses.

The error which some of the journals are falling into, is supposing that in order to please their readers they must take sides with one of the nominal parties, and, not being able to ascertain the principles of either party, because there are none, they renew the error in their announcement of party dogmas. They do not apprehend, as the people do, that when the administration of General Grant became powerful it became a government, and ceased to be a party, and that the moment the intelligence of old Republicanism was excited against its leaders Democracy ceased to be possible.

So that successful journalism is not political, but critical. The caucus no longer determines the substance and the art of what we may read in the morning. The strain upon journalism is the more intense. It is harder to please a constituency with glimpses of the signs of the times than to furnish them with explanations of the party platform. Strong men, rather than sharp and faithful politicians, are required, and small men, however successful they may have been in political days, must go to the wall. General Webb would have no opportunity in these, our times.

Necessarily art assumes precedence, for when men lose their bigotry they acquire tastes, and they demand good writing. Party platitudes are not wanted; and he is the ablest editor who reaches men's hearts where he could not formerly reach their heads.

We do not anticipate the establishment of many new journals; but many will change positions. The stone rejected by the builders may become the head of the corner. It is all a matter of fitness and of enterprise. Stupidity will go down before genius, and commonplace before art. And there is so little genius and so little art, that journalism will concentrate about a few leaders. We think we could count those leaders, so far as they are now known, upon the fingers of one hand. In time they will become arrayed upon the sides of new parties, and be as dogmatic and partisan as ever; but the growth which will have characterized journalism during the interim of confusion and independence will not be lost. Journalism will have advanced a round higher.

EDITORIAL TOPICS.

Has Secretary Fish yet discovered whether Captain Fry was righteously shot by the Spanish volunteers?

It is now Colonel Forney who thinks that Grant must be classed among the men who are trying to destroy the Republican Party.

Victor Hugo believes that England must become bankrupt; and Mr. Gladstone, in his latest speech, said that the real issue before England is not in foreign politics, but in finance.

The Buffalo Board of Trade wants the Erie Canal made seventy feet wide at the State expense, in order to facilitate transportation. Would this widening not cost about \$20,000 a mile?

The Philadelphia *Press* says it is announced that the New York *Express* is to be purchased from the Brooks, in order that it may be made an Administration organ. The President's organ, the Washington *Republican*, adds its testimony to the rumor.

In the fact that Dr. Livingstone recently died in Africa we have a refutation of the argument against Stanley that he probably found only the Doctor's memoranda, and forged letters from them. Stanley did not make a happy impression in America, but he doubtless discovered Livingstone.

The Sacramento (Cal.) *Union* calls FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER "an Eastern paper of wide circulation and much influence." The *Union* needs not to be told that ours is not "an Eastern" paper, but a national paper, having, for instance, a circulation in California itself of very many thousands.

The New York *World* has been doing a good work in showing how people live, or, rather, don't quite die, on very low wages. Misery was never greater in New York City than it is now. At the same time Iowa farmers are paying bonuses for first-rate agricultural laborers. It is somewhat singular that people would rather starve in a New York attic than to live decently in a Western town.

PRESIDENT GRANT had determined to send to Congress a message concerning the Louisiana election frauds, and it was known that he had changed his mind about Kellogg and had become opposed to him. He said he was going to unload the Republican Party of its nursed Louisiana monstrosity. Congress anxiously waited for the message, but it appears that the President again changed his mind. He wished to send one recommending actions that only a day or two before he had opposed. But the Cabinet shamed him into discretion, because the kind of message he would have sent would not have been proper. Of two things we feel assured by the President's vacillation: The Cabinet must have a hard time of it; and the President must have a mind, after all, or he would not have anything to change.

THE State Department has drafted, and Senator Cameron has presented, a Bill to reduce the salaries of American Consuls in foreign ports. The Liverpool Consulship is worth about twenty thousand dollars a year, and it is proposed to make it pay a salary of six thousand. The highest salaries are proposed to be those at Paris and London, at seven thousand. But in allowing consuls who receive less than three thousand dollars to take also fees, the Department must beware that it is leaving room for fraud. Our consuls are getting rich, and it might be well for Congress to investigate some of their acts. We know instances where consuls with salaries of four or five thousand dollars have clerks who receive that sum.

A GREAT number of the leading bankers and merchants of New York petition Congress against manufacturing more paper currency. Among them are such men as Drexel, Morgan & Co., Peter Cooper, Abram Hewitt, Moses Taylor, Marshall O. Roberts, Arnold & Constable, S. B. Chittenden, and Duncan & Sherman. They say that the irredeemable currency of the last twelve years has been the cause, or the opportunity, of change in the price of gold; and that values of all kinds of property have thereby fluctuated, rendering business insecure. They say, without argument, but truly, that the excessive volume of currency has stimulated speculations of all kinds, which have demoralized the national mind and rendered it unfit for the pursuits of steady industry. These merchants and bankers only reiterate statements already made in the public Press, and frequently preferred in these columns; but they have added the influence of their names to a movement in which all the sensible opinion of the country has an interest. The petition contains, however, a suggestion which is of good practical value. The great capitalists who offer it say that in the present state of the money market Government can obtain whatever money it requires, as a loan, at a low rate of interest. So that Mr. Secretary Richardson's plan for issuing a further supply of irredeemable paper to meet the deficiency in the current funds of the Government is met by a promise that the solid money will be loaned by those who have the greatest interest in a contraction of the currency.

CONGRESSIONAL.

MONDAY, January 26th.—SENATE.—Bill introduced providing for pensions for survivors of Mexican war. Further amendments to bankruptcy law reported and ordered printed. Printing Committee reported unfavorably on motion to print charges against Government of District of Columbia. Resolution excluding all fancy articles from stationery-room was agreed to. HOUSE.—Bill granting permission to foreign nations to coin money in United States mints was passed. Further consideration had on Pinchback election. Bill introduced granting pensions to survivors of Mexican war and widow of late James L. Orr, Master to Russia. For removal of United States troops from the South to the West. For the issuing of army rations to the destitute of the South, and to prevent United States officers receiving money beyond fixed salaries. Mr. Orth, of Indiana, offered a Bill for financial relief, providing for issue of \$2,000,000,000 gold bond notes.

TUESDAY, January 27th.—SENATE.—Petition from property owners of Washington asking investigation of District affairs, presented and laid on table. Mr. Morton, of Indiana, called up and spoke on his cheap transportation resolution. Civil Rights Bill taken up, and after debate referred to Judiciary Committee. French Spoliation Bill reported favorably from Committee on Foreign Relations. Joint resolution on mode of electing President was referred to Committee on Privileges and Elections. Bill to pay fine of Susan B. Anthony referred to Judiciary Committee. Bill to organize National Banks without circulation taken up. HOUSE.—Post Office Committee reported back Senate's amendment to Post-Route Bill, and the same was concurred in. Committee on Appropriations reported back, with amendments, Senate Bill to connect the Departments with the Capital by telegraph, and the Bill passed. The West Virginia contested election cases were brought to a vote, and Messrs. Davis and Hogan declared elected.

WEDNESDAY, January 28th.—SENATE.—Bill introduced to amend Consular salaries; to pay pensions to survivors of war of 1812; and to provide assistance to Circuit Judges. Consideration of Specie Payment Bill resumed. HOUSE.—Committee on Appropriations reported Bill to reduce expenditures on public building referred to Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds. Committee on Appropriations reported a Bill to establish additional life-saving stations; amendment to appropriate \$1,600 for medals to those who distinguished themselves at the *Metis* disaster adopted, and Bill passed. In Committee of the Whole, the Army Appropriation Bill was debated, but no vote reached.

THURSDAY, January 29th.—SENATE.—Bills introduced to amend Currency Act, and to establish a system of national quarantine. Resolution offered looking to reduction in expenses of illuminating public buildings and grounds. Mr. Blair asked advice on subject of stationery for reporters' gallery, when Mr. Morrill moved the matter be referred to Committee on Contingent Expenses. Carried. Louisiana question taken up, and Mr. Carpenter addressed Senate. HOUSE.—Committee on Banking reported amendments to Acts relating to national currency and establishment of free banking. An adverse report on Bill providing for postal savings banks was presented. Consideration of Army Appropriation Bill resumed. House took recess to evening, when many revisions of the statutes in the Bill were made.

FRIDAY, January 30th.—SENATE.—A memorial from Governor Sheppard, of the District of Columbia, was presented, protesting against the proposed investigation of the affairs of the District. Bills introduced to restore Franking privilege. Petition received against inflation. Resolution offered for Court of Inquiry in the case of General Howard. Mr. Carpenter renewed his speech on Louisiana affairs. After executive session, Senate adjourned to February 1st. HOUSE.—Committee on Military Affairs reported joint resolution on case of General Howard, asking for court of inquiry. Passed. A number of private Bills were introduced prior to adjournment.

SATURDAY, January 31st.—The time of the House was occupied with debates, the principal one being that of Mr. Kellogg on the currency question.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

AN iron bridge in Vermont broke down while being tested.

IN Florida and California green peas and new potatoes are in market.

THE Treasurer of Jersey City absconded, a defaulter to the amount of \$85,000.

THE new Opera House at Des Moines will be the finest west of the Mississippi.

THE Edsworth monument will be dedicated at Mechanicsville, N. Y., in May.

THERE is not such an incendiary thing as a wooden or tar-and-gravel roof in all Paris.

THE yield of gold in California, since the first discovery, in 1849, has been \$1,380,700,000.

NEW YORK police have seized arms in a Broome Street cellar, formerly owned by the Paris Commune.

IT is alleged that the Brooklyn Commissioners of Charities have expended several thousand dollars illegally.

A PROJECT is on foot to build a railroad between New York and Philadelphia in opposition to the Pennsylvania Railroad Company.

A TRAIN on the Iron Mountain Railroad, in Missouri, was stopped and robbed of \$2,344 by six masked men, 120 miles south of St. Louis.

ON the 4th of January an eruption of a volcano in the mountains west of Yuma, in Lower California, was plainly visible at a long distance.

THE Spanish ironclad frigate *Arapiles* stuck in the mud and ran on the rocks in New York Harbor because she wouldn't trust an American pilot. Served her right!

A FERO BANK was pulled in Dayton, O., last week, and the police were astonished. Among the gamblers were some of the most prominent and respectable men of the city.

THE Supreme Court of Iowa has decided that a sale of property for taxes to any one of a ring or combination of tax-payers is void, and that the title does not pass thereby, nor can the penalty be enforced.

OWING to the extreme cold weather in the mountain regions of Nevada, water for mining purposes is exceedingly scarce. The ditches are clogged with snow and ice, and many miners are forced to be idle.

SALT LAKE CITY received nine thousand tons of merchandise last year, and Utah shipped nearly twenty-five million pounds of ore, more than sixteen million pounds of crude bullion, and over one half a million pounds of wool and hides.

THE Forty-third Congress is remarkable for three peculiarities. It is the largest legislative body that ever assembled in the Capital; it contains the greatest number of new members, and it has the strongest representation of ex-Confederates.

A NEW plan is to be tried with Michigan convicts. Striped garments are to be abolished. The prisoners are to be allowed to correspond with their friends. Those who are uneducated are to be taught; and, when liberated, each man is to receive a suit of clothes, ten dollars, with whatever he has earned by overwork.

THE Boston charge for lack of iron shutters on sides or roof of buildings exposed by other buildings within forty feet, is twenty cents, and when front windows are not protected by iron shutters, and other buildings stand within thirty feet, ten cents is added to the rate; when the exposure is over thirty feet and within fifty, five cents is added.

FOREIGN.

GOLD has been discovered in Scotland.

THE Alphonist Clubs in Madrid are suppressed.

THE proposed Darien Canal will cost \$60,000,000.

SIXTEEN persons were killed at the railway collision in Scotland.

LONDON is to have a new literary club of "The Bohemians."

THE Ashantees have sent ambassadors to England to pray for peace.

THE new Parliament of Great Britain will assemble on the 5th of March.

THE Liberals gained only one member in the recent English elections.

THE financial measures of Mr. Gladstone's Ministry are popular in England.

TELEGRAPHY is taught successfully in one of the country schools of England.

A MUSIC-HALL, erected at a cost of £30,000, has been opened at Sheffield, England.

THE latest excitement in Marseilles has been a strike of the street-vendors of lemonade.

THE Conservatives have carried the elections in England, winning a great victory for Mr. Disraeli.

THE Sultan of Atcheen is reported to have died, and the war in his country is reported to be ended.

NAPLES has been visited by a snow-storm, to the great amazement and delight of the curious populace.

THE ladies of Havre are about to erect a colossal statue of the Virgin, to commemorate the escape of that city from Prussian invasion.

IN 1872 16,000,000 pounds of tea were imported to England from Hindoostan. The India teas are of rare flavor, and are used by English shopkeepers to mix with the Chinese.

LAST year there were matriculated, in Heidelberg University, eight hundred and three students, of which number thirty-two were from North America and seventeen from Britain.

THE first German paper mill was constructed at Ravensburg in 1290, in Italy in 1330, in France in 1360, in Switzerland in 1470, England in 1588, Holland in 1685, and Russia in 1712.

IN India, with its population of 230,000,000, the chance is that only one person out of every ten thousand living will die of serpent-bite, or from injuries inflicted by wild animals.

THE gentlemen employed in the new translation of the Bible for the Church of England have got as far as the twenty-fifth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. They will have finished their work in about two years.

THE remains of a mastodon were lately discovered at Hialeah, near Condon (Giers). The *Avenir d'Auch* says that excavations near Vic Fezensac have led to the discovery of a great number of other antediluvian relics.

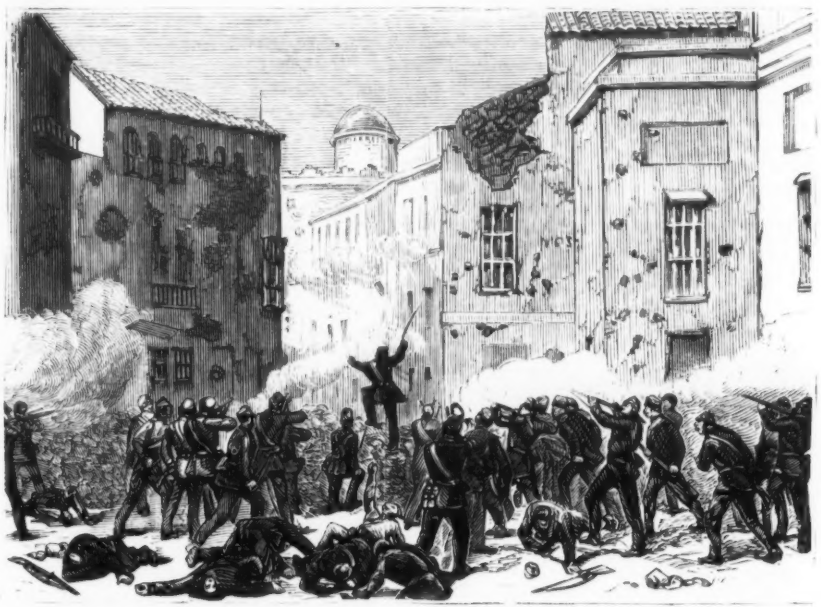
SEVEN years ago there were but two native Christians in Ongole, India; now there is a Baptist Church there with 2,357 members—larger than any other Baptist Church in the world except Mr. Spurgeon's and the First African in Richmond, Va.

CAPITALISTS have commenced the construction of a railway which is to connect the ancient Greek city with the railway system of Europe. The Government pays a subsidy of \$3,000,000, but at the end of ninety-nine years the road reverts to the State. The only railway in Greece at present is the short one from Athens to the Piræus.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 373.



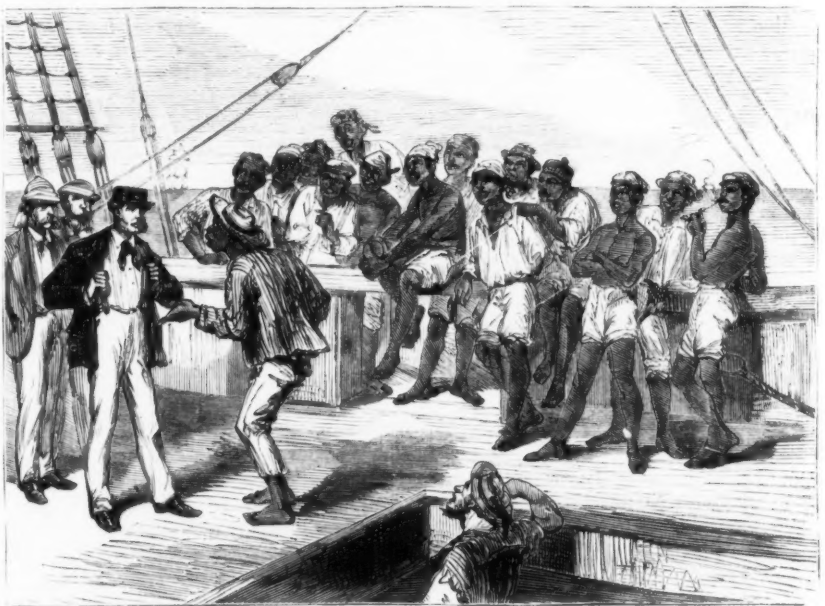
ENGLAND.—SUNDAY AFTERNOON IN LONDON—WAITING FOR THE PUBLIC-HOUSES TO OPEN.



SPAIN.—CATALONIA—FIGHT AT CALLELA BETWEEN GOVERNMENT TROOPS AND THE CARLISTS.



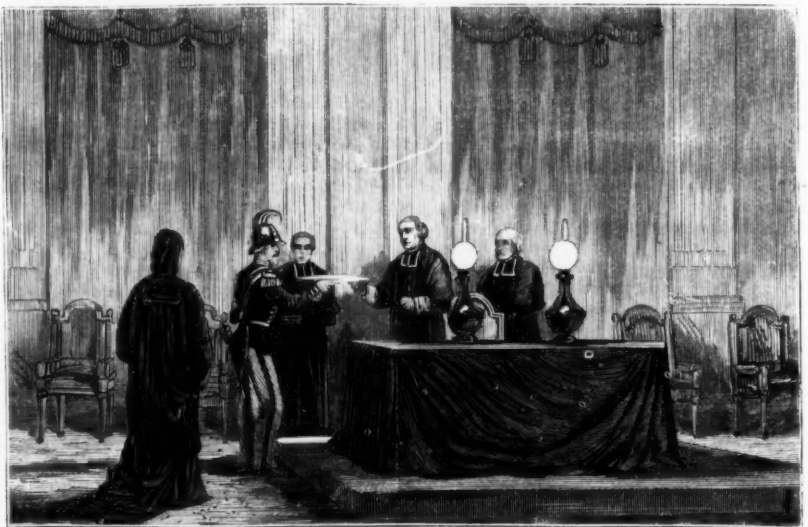
AFRICA.—ASHANTEE WAR—NEGRO VISITORS ABOARD THE MAIL-STEAMER "VOLTA."



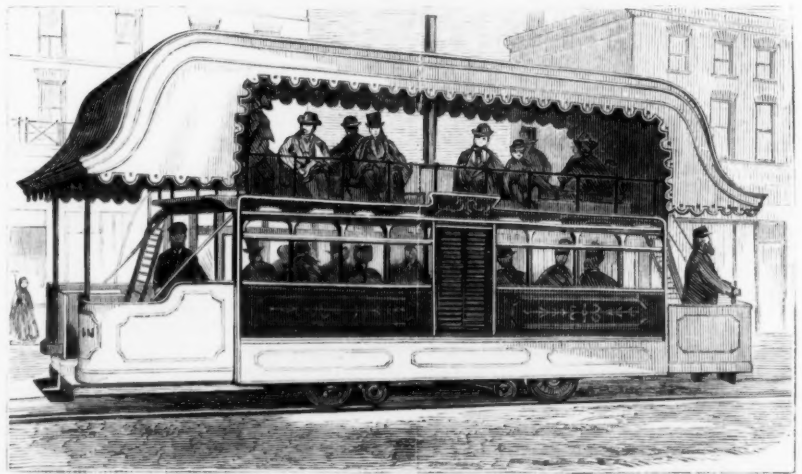
AFRICA.—A NEGRO STRIKE AT SIERRA LEONE.



INDIA.—THE IMPENDING FAMINE—A BENGAL GRAIN-SELLER.



FRANCE.—PARIS—THE POPE'S ENVOY DELIVERING TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS THE CARDINAL'S INSIGNIA.



ENGLAND.—NEW STEAM TRAMWAY-CAR RECENTLY TRIED IN LONDON.

JOHN HOPKINS, OF BALTIMORE.

THE subject of our sketch and illustration, who died at his home in Baltimore, in December, 1873, was a Maryland Quaker by birth, and for more than sixty years he lived in Baltimore, the scene of his philanthropic labors. His estate was valued at \$10,000,000, and of this amount he bequeathed more than \$6,000,000 to charitable purposes—chiefly to the founding of a university and a hospital in and near Baltimore. The university is to embrace schools of law, medicine, science and agriculture. The hospital is to take in the poor and suffering without distinction of age, sex, creed or color. There are to be free beds for four hundred or five hundred sick, a separate building for convalescents, a training-school for nurses, a home for four hundred colored orphans, and the grounds surrounding the hospital will be laid out as a public park.

In addition to the above bequests, he gave to the Baltimore Manual Labor School \$20,000, to the Maryland Institute for the Academy of Design \$10,000, to the Home of the Friendless \$10,000, and to the Baltimore Orphan Asylum on Stricker Street \$10,000. The country-seat of Clifton goes to the university, and the splendid Rialto marble building on Second Street, with much other of the real estate, to both institutions in equal shares as the residuary devisees.

At a recent meeting of the City Council of Baltimore, a resolution offered by Mr. John T. Ford, a prominent member, was adopted, to erect a monument in full view of the hospital.

Mr. Hopkins died unmarried, at the age of 73.

ACCIDENT AT BENNINGTON, VT.

AT Bennington, Vt., the explosion of the knitting-mill, shown in our illustration, was caused by gas escaping through a defective gasoline pipe and igniting from the boiler-fire. The accident occurred on January 20th. Nine women, at work in the sewing-room adjoining, which was demolished, were instantly killed, or burned to death. The roof was lifted, and the walls bulged so that the roof fell and crushed many of the operatives; then the fire spread, and before it could be controlled the building was half-consumed. The loss of property was estimated at \$100,000, and ten persons were killed.

GENERAL McCUTCHINS,

CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

GENERAL LUTHER McCUTCHINS, the farmers' candidate for Governor of New Hampshire, whose portrait we give, was nominated at the convention recently held in Concord. He has been a farmer all his life, digging his own potatoes, hoeing his own corn and milking his own cows, and, by close attention to business, he made a property worth several thousand dollars. In his speech before the



JOHN HOPKINS, A PHILANTHROPIST OF BALTIMORE, RECENTLY DECEASED.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY DANIEL BINDMAN, BALTIMORE, MD.

Railroad, and a delegate in the National Convention which nominated Fremont. In 1857 he went to the Legislature, and was re-elected. Under Lincoln he had charge of the official draft, and in 1868 he was Chairman of the Pennsylvania delegation to the Convention that nominated Grant. In the Greeley campaign he was Chairman of the State Liberal Committee of Pennsylvania, and now there is a fair prospect that he will be elected Mayor of Philadelphia.

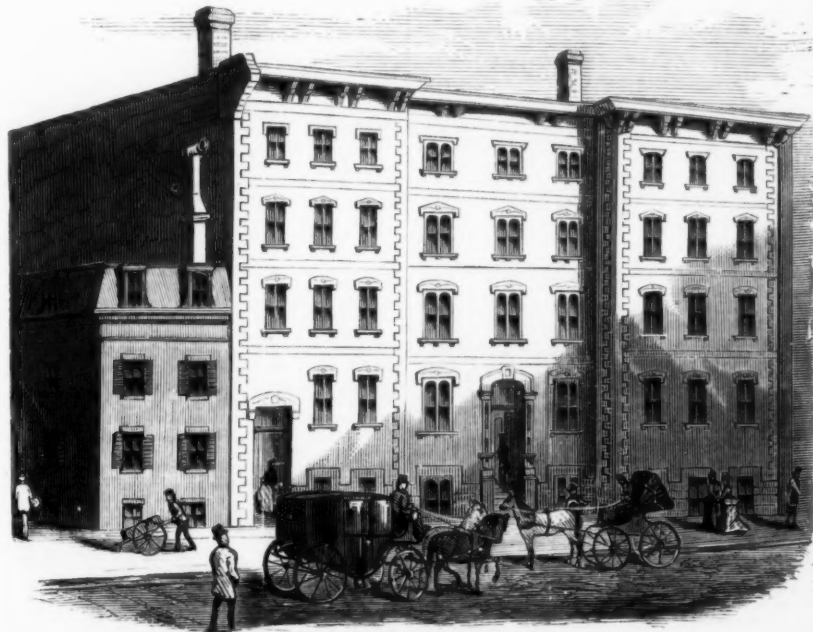
WESTERN DEVELOPMENT.

AN ENGLISH COLONY IN KANSAS.

OPENING of railroad communication between the Eastern and Western regions of the United States has induced numerous companies from abroad to settle upon the many fertile tracts. One of the most successful of these colonies is Victoria, situated on what has been called the Great American Desert, on the line of the Kansas Pacific Railway, and nearly in the centre of Kansas. The circumstances of its origin are as follows: In the Autumn of 1872 George Grant, an Englishman, who was traveling for rest and recreation, after having visited nearly every portion of the United States, was impressed with the advantages of the region mentioned for sheep-farming. He accordingly purchased a tract of land in the eastern part of Ellis County, Kan., comprising about 70,000 acres. To this another purchase was added, the entire tract being eighteen miles wide and thirty long, or 540 square miles. This region is watered in the north by the Saline River, which is slightly brackish, and saves the necessity of salting the cattle; the Victoria River, or Big Creek, as it was formerly called, which is kept well filled by numerous springs, runs through the centre; the Smoky Hill River, which is never entirely dry, supplies the wants of the southern part of the tract. Springs are numerous, and water can always be obtained from wells. The soil is from four to twenty feet in depth, and yields a rich, thick crop of short grass. This grass, even when dried and withered, as in August and September, when it is like a natural hay, is eaten readily by the stock. Other crops will grow, but Mr. Grant wishes to reserve the land chiefly for sheep-farming. Timber at present is only found along the rivers. Cannel coal is found very frequently. A fine quality of limestone for building crops out in many places. This purchase, of course, only covers the alternate sections; but as the settlers arrive those reserved by the Government are often taken up in some one of the ways provided. Mr. Grant may purchase the rest of Ellis County. The first company of settlers arrived in May last, and with the additions up to this time number about eighty persons. Many who have bought land there have not yet moved, but will do so in the Spring. Those who have made their homes in that district are mainly of the better class of Englishmen, from the nobleman's son to the good class of farmers. Mr. Grant went to England on December 10th, in the



VERMONT.—GAS EXPLOSION IN A KNITTING FACTORY, WITH LOSS OF LIFE, AT BENNINGTON. SKETCHED BY E. R. MORSE.



BOSTON, MASS.—THE WASHINGTONIAN HOME, AN INSTITUTION FOR THE CURE OF INEBRIATES. SKETCHED BY E. R. MORSE.

Convention, he said that he was a farmer, and he represented farmers, but there were lawyers, doctors, ministers, railroadmen and manufacturers, and the country needed them. He did not propose to use the powers of his office for the exclusive benefit of any class of people. He wanted all trades and professions to stand on an equal footing, each having a fair chance to work for the best interests of themselves and the country.

WASHINGTONIAN HOME, BOSTON.

THE new building, which we illustrate, to be used by this well-known institution, was recently dedicated, with appropriate ceremonies, on Waltham Street, in Boston. The total cost of the edifice has reached more than \$94,000, and \$5,000 additional will be required to finish it. Since its organization in 1857, the Home has expended \$157,000, and cared for 4,210 patients, one-third of whom have been permanently cured.

COL. McCLURE, OF PENNSYLVANIA.

COLONEL ALEXANDER K. McCLURE, just nominated for Mayor of Philadelphia on the Democratic and Citizens' ticket, is of Irish descent, and he was born in Perry County, Pa., January, 1828. With an ordinary common school education he graduated, after fifteen years' apprenticeship at the tanning business, into a newspaper office, which he established at Mifflin. His personal appearance and fine demeanor attracted the attention of Governor Johnson, who appointed him aide on his staff the very day he became of age. In 1852 he bought and successfully managed the Chambersburg Repository. He was a Whig in politics. Three years later he was Superintendent of Public Printing for the State. In eight months, to the surprise of every one, he resigned, and was admitted to the bar. It was not generally known that he had been studying law outside of his regular duties. Afterwards he was State Superintendent of the Erie and Northwest



GEN. LUTHER McCUTCHINS, THE FARMER, NOW CALLED THE "HORNY-HANDED," DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.



COLONEL A. K. McCLURE, REFORM CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR OF PHILADELPHIA.

Conard steamer *Algeria*, expecting to return in April next, with another large body of emigrants. In addition to the English settlers, several American gentlemen have made investments there. All that has been done thus far has been mainly by Mr. Grant himself. He already has over 2,400 sheep of different varieties, and of the finest blood. He has also one hundred Cotswolds, and forty-five Biscathropes, worth \$200 each in England. He has eight short-horn bulls, and four black Aberdeen poles of the highest pedigree. He has one bull one year old, "Count de Brimow," half brother to the celebrated bull "Breastplate," which took the first premium at the St. Louis fair. Next summer he expects to have 100,000 sheep and 10,000 cattle ranging over this vast farm. In order to encourage this farming on a large scale, not less than a section is sold, and many take more. With the help of those who are coming, the work of next year will be to lay out a railroad near the city, with schoolhouses and churches; to plant tracts of forest and fruit trees, to plow the land for necessary crops, and perfect the arrangements for the special work, sheep-raising. The city of Victoria will be about 250 miles west of Kansas City, on the Kansas Pacific Road, and will be laid out in large plots, more like a collection of country villages than a city. This railroad traverses the central portion of the colony, and gives its inhabitants special advantages. Fifty thousand acres of land will probably be brought under cultivation during the coming season, and the plans for making a forest growth are on the same large scale. The expectations in regard to stock-raising have been mentioned above. Mr. Grant takes great pride in the founding and progress of the colony he has originated, and feels assured of success.

THE LEAD-MELTING.

TWAS clear, cold, starry, silver night,
And the old year was a dying.
Three pretty girls with melted lead
Sat gaily fortune-telling.
They drop the lead in water clear,
With blushing palpitations,
And as it hissed, with fearful hearts
They sought its revelations.

In the deep night, while all around
The snow was whitely falling,
Each pretty girl looked down to find
Her future husband's calling.
The eldest sees a castle grand,
Girt round by shrubland shady,
And, blushing bright, she feels in thought
A lady rich already!

The second sees a silver ship,
And bright and glad her face is;
Oh, she will have a skipper bold,
Grown rich in foreign places!
The youngest sees a glittering crown,
And starts in consternation,
For Molly is too meek to dream
Of reaching regal station.

And time went by—some maiden got
Her husband, one her sailor,
The lucky of a country count!
The skipper of a whaler!
And Molly has her crown, although
She unto few can show it.
Her crown is (true love, fancy wrought,
Her husband—a poor poet!

THE END OF A BURDEN.

A LADY sat in her drawing-room, holding between thumb and finger two visiting-cards connected by a silver thread, which, with the index of the other hand, she caused to revolve slowly.

"Mrs. Cuthbert Raynor!" she ejaculated, meditatively. "What a pretty girl Alice Crofton was, Lewin!"

"Yes; and so is Mrs. Cuthbert Raynor, Susie," returned a gentleman, her companion.

"I know you think so," the lady's eyebrows elevated themselves slightly. "Well, she is married, and a terrible blow she has inflicted upon dear, delightful Romance. Now, Alice ought to have married a poet, and not a money-monger like old Cuthbert Raynor."

"Raynor? She has not only married Raynor—the gentleman's tone was blandly sarcastic—" she has committed polygamy!"

The lady's look conveyed that she was awaiting further explanation.

"She married, firstly, 'Raynor Place'; secondly, a settlement of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars; thirdly, the establishment on Fifth Avenue; fourthly, Raynor himself; fifthly, the contingency of a widow's cap."

"And sixthly, after a decorous mourning, Mr. Lewin Crawford, brother?" added the lady, interrogatively.

"Lewin, let me give you advice: do not attempt epigram on any subject in which your own feelings are strongly engaged. One is apt to mistake spitefulness for epigram under those circumstances."

"Not an infrequent case with you, sister, is it?"

"Ah, that is what you nobler works of the creation term the 'fa quogue.' Mrs. Redmond looked at her brother, whom she detested with sisterly fervor, and her soft hazel eyes expressed insolence in the kindest manner possible. "When do you mean to offer your congratulations?" she went on, nestling herself luxuriously in her softly cushioned chair. "You ought to dine by yourself at Delmonico's after your visit, for my poor Lewin, I fear you will not be good company."

"And if I deprived you of the enjoyment of witnessing my agonies, Susie, your disappointment would so discompose your serenity, that poor Redmond would wish you at Delmonico's, or at that other establishment kept by him who spells his name in the same way, leaving out the 'l' and the 'e.'"

Mrs. Redmond laughed pleasantly.

"Do you think, Lewin, that Mrs. Cuthbert told her husband of her half-engagement to you? Some girls are so conscientious, you know. That would make it very ticklish for you, if you call. Perhaps it would be more agreeable to you to defer visiting until I have sounded your pretty gill."

"What! and leave me sponsor of your bad taste?" said the gentleman. "My dear Susie, you are sufficiently unfortunate in your conception of what constitutes 'savage ferre' in your own circle. Your 'juteses' in the subtleties of society have been less unnoticed by others than by yourself. Do not extend the sphere of their influence."

Mrs. Redmond's eyes contracted, and her lips lost some of their cherry hue—her cheeks were fortified in their delicate bloom against a similar mishap.

Her brother rose carelessly, without waiting for a return fire, and sauntered out of the room.

Mr. Cuthbert Raynor's young wife was passing the summer months at Raynor Place. The place

was old, the name new; so was Mr. Raynor's fortune. Fungi grow up in a night, and there are fungi everywhere, even in Wall Street. I do not know that there is anything very iniquitous about the quality of newness in a man, but tyrannous Society has entered on its penal code. The architect of his own fortunes is never so estimable as the descendant who simply inherits the architecture. Mr. Raynor was a new man; he had swum into society on his money-bags; gold sinks in every other sea; it is very good cork there. He enjoyed one great negative advantage. Curiosity's many questions concerning him had never succeeded in drawing from sharp-tongued Malevolence a single whisper. This anomaly is easily explained. Nobody knew anything about the man.

One day Taurus was in rampant ascendancy in Wall Street, and a certain stock went up to the firmament. Ursula Major and Ursula Minor were short of stock and temper. Suddenly, several thousands of the coveted shares were thrown on the market, and a few days afterwards Mr. Raynor was. His broker knew nothing whatever of his client but this one fact: he had made two million dollars by the transaction.

Mr. Raynor was neither young, handsome nor gentlemanlike; he was neither educated nor refined, but he was rich; so he bought a good estate and Alice Crofton, and gave his own good name to both.

Alice Raynor! Alice of the dreamy eyes, hazel, gray or brown, which were they? *That* depended on the sunshine. Ah! what business had you in Raynor Place, Alice? Is not life a mistake, and the world of flowers and sunny foliage an ugly world when the price of the admission-ticket beggared the treasury of the heart?

There she stands, with her broad-brimmed straw hat tossed down, and one arm thrown over her head, leaning against the trunk of an old tree, her charming white dress soiled with its green mold; glittering gold in every wave of her hair, and tears slowly gathering between her eyelashes, silently falling on to the emerald turf, where the red-breasted thrushes are hopping so happily a little way off.

"To love, cherish and obey, till death us do part."

The leaves at Raynor Place had got into a way of rustling those words in her ears; and it was a sentence full of dismal sense to her at the end of six months of married life. Had Alice Crofton been fancy-free when she became Alice Raynor, the match would still have been an egregious mistake, for she was idealistic, imaginative, and trained to assess at their very fullest value the minute refinements of social polish; and now she found herself face to face with the insoluble problem how to love and honor the man whose modes of thought and habits of life she disliked, and, worst of all, despised.

But she was not fancy-free. She had fully purposed marrying Lewin Crawford when he came back from Paris, where he held an influential position in an American banking firm; and that purpose of hers was perfectly warranted by past acts of demonstrative preference on the part of the former. Their engagement was rather tacitly assumed than absolutely contracted; it was her fault, not his; for, governed by one of those whims cherished in the female breast, she had baffled more than one decided overture of Mr. Crawford's to establish their intercourse upon a more defined basis. His sister, Mrs. Redmond, had improvised the earthquake which had toppled down the city where her hope dwelt, and buried it in the ruins. One day, without warning of any kind, she had announced her brother's engagement to a young lady sojourning, like himself, in Paris. It was not till then Alice had fully comprehended how entirely she had made all her anticipations of life subordinate to the one idea of living it out with Lewin Crawford. Imagining that she detected in his engagement a measure designed by him to punish her willfulness in evading a contract between themselves, she gave rein to a violent resentment, inveighed bitterly against his pitiful blindness, and making the common blunder of trying to induce one right out of two wrongs, married Mr. Raynor just a fortnight before Lewin Crawford returned to America as unfettered by any engagement as his sister had been by veracity when she declared one. She learned the truth soon enough after Lewin's return, too soon, in fact; she had filled her cup full of bitterness without this last drop of gall, and a haunting sense of inability to struggle on under her burdens seemed to grind away her courage. Her husband understood the science of dollars; the lore of the human heart was a study of which he knew just so much as he could read as he ran. He was a taciturn, absorbed man, who would have lived for a century with a wife without ever asking himself if she loved him. He paid for affection, so he argued, without arguing, in luxuries, jewelry, carriages and toilets. If he paid his broker money for shares, he got shares. Affection and shares were very much alike in Mr. Raynor's eyes.

What solace could Alice find for a sore heart in a tenderness whose highest conception of consolation for a sorrow would have been a visit to Tiffany's store, with a check for a thousand dollars? Poor girl, she whispered to herself that she was quite alone in the world, whereas there was an ever-present personage in her daily life whose corporeal absence was neutralized by a spiritual presence; and this, more than any repulsion of uncongeniality, stood between her and Mr. Raynor, spectre-fashion.

Alice and Lewin had met more than once after the former's marriage, although the latter had not called at Mr. Raynor's residence, and was personally unknown to that gentleman. The meetings had been fortuitous, and had occurred in the absence of Mr. Raynor. Lewin never appeared to see her when she was in the company of her husband. Upon one occasion they encountered at the railroad depot, and traveled together for some distance. Alice had enjoyed a miserable happiness in listening to words wholly sad and half-tender, emphasized by bitter reproaches leveled against himself, which she longed to claim as due to her alone.

"You are happy?" he had said in a low, questioning tone, looking wistfully in her face just before the train stopped where he was to leave it; and her lips had quivered so she could not speak, dared not even draw the long breath her chest panted for, because she knew it would break out into sobs if she did. And he had laid his hand gently upon hers, saying nothing, but looking his full comprehension of her unhappiness.

"Both of us, Alice—both of us!" That was all he remarked, as he shook his head sorrowfully, and then they parted. When Mr. Raynor kissed her as they met at Raynor Place that evening Alice shuddered, as if her husband's lips had burned her.

And now she stood under the trees, rebellious against the lot she had made for herself. A footstep sounded on the gravel of the carriage-drive, so she hastily dried the tears from her eyes, and picked up her hat. It was only a servant.

"A gentleman wishes to know, ma'am, if he may take some views of the park?"

"Oh, of course, yes," Alice spoke quite petulantly, and strode off across the grass to where the brook tumbled down in a mimic waterfall to a

little dell, through which it rippled away, half hid by the growth of myosotis and water cress. She could cry, if she liked, there, undisturbed; could pick the little blue blossoms and murmur to herself, "Forget me not!" could form letters with the tiny petals by laying them in order upon her dress-folds, and not be afraid of any one reading what the letters spelt. "Lewin!" could bend down her face till her eyes were hid in the long grass, and summon up in the darkness the look of the face that owed its pained expression to her; the sound of the voice that had said, "Both of us, Alice—both of us." And how she loved that face—how she longed for that voice!

"Oh, I cannot—cannot hear it!" she sobbed; "Lewin, dear, I cannot hear it." Her fingers clasped the grass convulsively, and the tears spread and spread till her white sleeve was quite wet and limp. Something warm touched her outstretched hand; the bite of a snake could not have caused her to spring to her knees more abruptly. A dark mass of round-edged cloud began to creep over the sun, and a distant reverberation of thunder seemed to bring into clearer distinctness the babbling of the brook. While the sun shone who heeds the muttering of the thunder? Alice Raynor heard nothing but the throbbing, throbbing of Lewin Crawford's heart; her tear-stained face was resting upon his breast.

"Your burden will crush you, Alice, my own poor sorrowful one. Ah! read the will of fate in my coming, as I read it in the revelation your lips made, unconscious of my presence. Look round you, my only love; is not the law of happiness written on all creation? and all obey that law excepting only we. Is it not enough that we, by our folly, or our inexperience, breed sorrow in our life, but we must perpetrate it by a blind submission to those laws of etiquette which society has supplanted the law of nature. Trepanned by a lie into a marriage which violates every instinct of your heart, every yearning of your mind, will you interpret your duty as demanding for its fulfillment the maintenance of a bitter misery, which hour by hour and year by year must intensify for you and for me, whose only title to it must consist in loving you faithfully and well? Nay, Alice, even to him whose name you assumed, in very recklessness of fate, would not your whole life be a sham? Loathing him in your secret heart, your only reward—if such you can feel it—for withering your own life and mind would be to deceive. Alice, Alice! enough of tears. Ah! believe me, there are smiles for us if we will; enough of misery; there is happiness for us if we seek it!" winding his arms round the agitated girl, he pressed his lips amongst the wavy golden hair which reclined against his breast.

"Alice," he whispered, close to her ear, "a word from you can banish me—send me forth to bear my bitter burden as I may; and a word can bless me with transcending joy. Look, dear one, upon the lot the first will chain you to. Can you bear it? Can you presently meet your husband?" Lewin's tone was bitterly emphatic as he pronounced the last word "he" on his breast; suffer his kiss; mock your own soul by giving him back caresses and a simulacrum of love; accept him as the beginning and end of your life's dream?"

"Ah, mercy—mercy!" sobbed poor Alice.

"In mercy I speak, Alice; in mercy that will not play the hypocrite to truth. Our fate is in your hands; the breath of destiny has blown the thread of our future life within your reach; what will you twist it to? You may make of it a strong rope of happiness, or you may leave it in an unraveled thread of worthless hopelessness. Choose, love, for you—for me."

Slowly the pale face was lifted from the breast where it had lain for support, and the tearful eyes, through their wet fringes, had pitiful supplication in their glance.

"Guide me, Lewin, for this is the hour of your strength," she murmured, tremulously. "Choose for me, Lewin, for it is the hour of my weakness."

Lewin Crawford looked away from the gaze of those sorrowful eyes.

It is recorded that the Arch-Tempter directed Eve's sight to the fruit on the tree; possibly even he felt it hard to look innocence in the face while he betrayed it.

"Alice!" exclaimed Lewin, passionately, his looks glowingly riveted upon the lovely face, touchingly lovely in its melancholy grace. "In another country, far away from the stinging memories of this, your weakness may lean for ever on my strength. Be brave; turn your back to the barren heartlessness of a life filled up in all its hours and days with a nauseous mockery of love; dare to trample down the artificial boundary with which false reason and spurious morality would wall you in to a voluntary renunciation of all that is worth living for. Ah, think of me—let me be selfish to win you to your happiness, my love—think of me strong and hopeful to fight life's battle with something of sunshine in every day of it, since your presence blesses and lightens it. Ah, Alice, listen to the pleadings of your own heart, which cries, as mine cries, for mercy for its one unquenched hope."

Sinking on his knees, he looked up imploringly into her face.

Alice stood with her beautiful hair all disarranged by her own hands, which were clasped over her head, her face hidden by her bended arms crossed before it.

"What would you have me do?" she cried, and her voice, usually so soft, was husky and rustling.

Lewin Crawford gazed searchingly at her.

"Stay here, if you can bear the burden of your life, Alice," said he, and paused; "and here in this spot we can bury the corpse of our hope. You may come now and then to look at the grave. I will go forth and bear the burden for both of us, if it may be so."

She left off twining her hair round her fingers, and her arms fell wearily.

"You cannot bear my burden, Lewin. Look at me. Do I seem able to bear yours, too?"

"Alice?"

"Yes; take up your burden," she continued, dreamily, in her tired tone. "I imposed it on you, poor Lewin; and I would take it up with mine, if I could, only I fear that it would break my heart without solacing yours."

"Do not speak in riddles, love. What burden of mine would I suffer you to bear?"

"The burden of your wish, Lewin."

With an abrupt gesture, Alice extended her right hand, with the forefinger out, straight at her lover. It trembled nervously, and her whole frame shook; but there was something solemnly denunciatory in her aspect, and Lewin felt it.

"Leave the burden where it is, then, Alice," said he, with an emphasis, and rising as he spoke.

A strange smile flitted, as it were, across her lips.

"Your life would be happy if I left all for you, Lewin! The love that forgets duty would never be, in turn, forgotten! When I cried, 'Guide me in this hour of your strength, Lewin,' you answered, 'Join your lot with mine; trample down the barriers society erects around you.' Will you never reproach me for my facile yielding?"

"Alice, Alice! Oh, my love, why say such words to me?"

Again he pressed to her side, kneeling before her.

"By everything sacred in heaven—" With a deafening crash the thunder drowned his speech in reverberating peals. Alice clung to him in startled terror, and heavy, solitary drops of rain smote sharply amongst the leaves overhead.

"You are frightened and unweary, poor darling," said he, soothingly. "It is a mere thunder-shower. This old hollow tree will shelter you till it is past."

Passively she yielded to his guidance, and leaned half within and half outside the crumpling trunk of an old cypress tree, a few of whose lower branches yet showed that life still lingered in the timeworn ruin. With a rush, like the beating of legion wings, the rain-torrent swept along, spreading a hazy, gray veil over everything. Lewin drew Alice more completely within the shelter. What did he care for the rain or the thunder? The transport of a hope which dizzied his brain set every pulse in his frame throbbing. Passionately he clasped his drooping companion to his heart, pressing warm kisses upon her unresisting face, while the lightning zigzagged across the lurid clouds, and the drenched leaves quivered under the booming concussions of the thunder.

It cleared away finally, and soon after lunch-time Mr. Raynor arrived by train from New York. Mrs. Raynor was from home, which did not surprise him when he learned she had walked out before the storm began.

"She has taken shelter," said he, "at Mrs. Wigram's. I should not wonder, or perhaps at the parson's. You had better go round with the carriage, Judson, and fetch her home; the roads are ankle-deep with mud."

Judson drove forth and returned, but Mrs. Raynor was not in the carriage, neither had the servants obtained any information about her.

"Then, I guess she is in the 'fountain-house,' or some of the cottages in the park," said Mr. Raynor, as he poured out a glass of wine for himself; "when it dries a little I will go and meet her."

And so he did, with a pair of waterproof boots on his feet, kicking the moisture which bound down the blades of grass in spray before him, and weighing the probabilities of a rise in Northwestern Stock.

In this way he had traversed a considerable portion of the park, when his attention was attracted by the appearance of photographic apparatus, standing drenched and dismal looking, as unserviceable a camera as ever was. A little further off a large limb rent from a tree showed the fresh white of its wound in relief against the dark green of the turf. Again, something whiter still in front of the hollow cypress-tree drew his gaze, and he walked to see what it was.

Stretched across Lewin Crawford's body, her golden hair streaming over his chest and face, drenched with wet, and dead, lay Alice Raynor on her lover's corpse.

The old cypress was torn asunder by lightning. Mr. Raynor was very much shocked, and very much puzzled to understand who Lewin Crawford could be, until he learned from the servants that he was the gentleman who had solicited permission to obtain views of the park. It was abundantly plain to him then, that, finding Mrs. Raynor overtaken by the storm, he had escorted her to a dangerous shelter. He said very little, as was his wont; but buried his wife with exceeding pomp, and advertised the photographer, without obtaining thereby any applications for the body, which was therefore very respectfully buried likewise, the defunct happening to have a considerable sum of money in purse, but neither card, letter or memorandum, by which name or address could be conjectured. The two graves are no great distance apart, and they who fill them bear each their own burden!

GOETHE'S BOY-LIFE.

IN his lately published "Story of Goethe's Life," George Henry Lewes relates some interesting anecdotes of the boy-life of the great poet of Germany, who was, it seems from various accounts, altogether a precocious child. At three years old he could seldom be brought to play with little children, and only on the condition of their being pretty.

One day, in a neighbor's house, he suddenly began to cry, and exclaim, "That black child must go away! I can't bear him!" and he howled until he was carried home, where he was slowly pacified, the whole cause of his grief being the ugliness of the child. Another day, his mother, seeing him from her window across the street with his comrades, was amused with the gravity of his carriage, and asked, laughingly, if he meant thereby to distinguish himself from his companions. The little fellow replied, "I begin with this. Later on in life I shall distinguish myself in far other ways."

On another occasion he plagued her with questions as to whether the stars would perform all they had promised at his birth. "Why," said she, "must you have the assistance of the stars, when other people get on very well without?" "I am not to be satisfied with what does for other people," said the juvenile Jupiter.

He was early a reflective listener to theological debates, and at one time it occurred to him to build an altar to the Deity in good old Bible fashion. For this purpose he selected some types, such as ores and other natural productions, and arranged them in symbolical order on the elevations of a music-stand; on the apex was to be a flame, typical of the soul's aspiration, and for this a paste did duty. Sunrise was awaited with impatience. The glittering of the housetops gave signal. He applied a burning-glass to the paste, and thus was the worship consummated by a priest of seven years, alone in his bedchamber.

During his sixth, seventh and eighth years his father's method was to dictate anecdotes to him, generally something from everyday life, or perhaps a trait of Frederick the Great, and on this the boy wrote dialogues and moral reflections in Latin and German. Some of these have been preserved and published, showing what a mastery he had thus early achieved over Latin, writing also, before he was eight, in French, Italian and Greek.

The occupation of Frankfurt by the French during the war, while interrupting the course of the boy's studies, brought him the advantages of conversational familiarity with the French language and acquaintance with the theatre—the army carrying its café and theatre along with it. A chattering little braggart named Derones introduced her "behind the scenes," and he became a frequenter of the greenroom, and was admitted into the dressing-room to the society of actors and actresses.

A grotesque scene took place between himself and Derones, who excelled, as he affirmed, in affairs of honor. He had been engaged in several, and had always managed to disarm his antagonist, and then nobly forgive him. One day he pretended that Wolfgang had insulted him; so satisfaction was peremptorily demanded, and a duel was the result. Imagine Wolfgang, aged twelve, arrayed in shoes

and silver buckles, fine woolen stockings, dark serge breeches, green coat with gold facings, a waistcoat of gold cloth, cut out of his father's wedding-waistcoat, his hair curled and powdered, his hat under his arm, and a little sword with silk sword-knot. This little manikin stands opposite his antagonist with theatrical formality; swords clash, thrusts come quick upon each other, the combat grows hot, when the point of Berones's rapier lodges in the bow of Wolfgang's sword-knot; hereupon the French boy, with great magnanimity, declares that he is satisfied. The two embrace, and retire to a cafe to refresh themselves with a glass of almond-milk.

His mother's admirable method of cultivating the inventive activity of the boy is charmingly given in her own words in describing her story-telling for his own amusement when he was very young:

"Air, fire, earth and water I represented under the form of processes, and to all natural phenomena I gave a meaning, in which I almost believed more fervently than my little hearers. As we thought of the paths which led from star to star, and that we should one day inhabit the stars, and thought of the great spirits we should meet there, I was as eager for the hours of story-telling as the children themselves. I was quite curious about the future course of my own improvisation, and any invitation which interrupted these evenings was disagreeable. There I sat, and there Wolfgang held me with his large black eyes, and when the tale of one of his favorites was not according to his fancy, I saw the angry veins swell on his temples; I saw him repress his tears. He often burst in with, 'But, mother, the Princess won't marry the nasty tailor, even if he does kill the giant.' And when I made a pause for the night, promising to continue it on the morrow, I was certain that he would in the meantime think it out for himself, and so he often stimulated my imagination. When I turned the story according to his plan, and told him he had found out the *dénouement*, then he was all fire and flame, and one could see his little heart beating underneath his dress. His grandmother, who made a great pet of him, was the confidant of all his ideas as to how the story would turn out; and as she repeated these hints to me, and I turned the story according to these hints, there was a little diplomatic secrecy between us which we never disclosed. I had the pleasure of continuing my story to the delight and astonishment of my hearers, and Wolfgang saw with glowing eyes the fulfillment of his own conceptions, and listened with enthusiastic applause."

Not only did he tell stories; he wrote them also, as is gathered from a touching little anecdote preserved by Bettine. The smallpox had carried off his little brother Jacob. To the surprise of his mother, Wolfgang shed no tears, believing Jacob to be with God in heaven. "Did you not love your little brother then?" asked his mother, "that you do not grieve for his loss?" He ran to his room and from under the bed drew a quantity of papers, on which he had written stories and lessons. "All these I had written that I might teach them to him," said the child. He was then nine years old. During the French occupancy he made an elaborate address in the style of Piron. When the play was completed, he submitted it to Berones, who, pointing out several grammatical blunders, promised to examine it more critically, and talked of giving it his support with the manager. Wolfgang saw, in his mind's eye, the name of his play already plumed at the corners of the street. Unhappily, Berones, in his critical capacity, was merciless. He picked the play to pieces, and stoned the poor author, as many authors had been stoned—by critical jargon. His abuse of the English and sneers at the Germans, while he maintained the sovereignty of the French taste, set Wolfgang to thinking on these clerical canons, the result being contempt for the system of Cornelle and Racine; and something of the defiance of *Gottfried Bernheim* is thought possibly owing to Berones, the French boy.

CO-OPERATION IN GERMANY.

HERE is the progress of co-operation in Germany: In 1850 there were 80 societies, with 18,576 members, who had on loan 4,131,436 thalers; share capital, 246,001 thalers; and in 1870 these figures had risen to 740 societies, 314,656 members, over 207,618,000 thalers lent, and the share capital had risen to 13,440,132 thalers. Even during the Franco-German war the number of co-operative banks increased by 121, and 112 new stores were opened, while nine manufacturing societies were established. The business done by all these societies in 1870 amounted to 350,000,000 thalers. The paid-up capital was 27,000,000, and the loan capital 62,000,000. The number of co-operators now in Germany exceeds 1,000,000. Amongst the trading associations there are of shoemakers, 65; agriculturists, 43; tailors, 37; cabinetmakers, 24; smiths, 8; weavers, 5; bookbinders, 4; glove manufacturers, 2; carpenters, 2; basketmakers, 2; house-painters, 1; millers, 1; clothmakers, 1; sewing-machinists, 2; bookbinding establishments, 1; house-building establishments, 5; and they appear to make most progress in co-operation just where we make least.

WATER-COLOR EXHIBITION.

LAST week the Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water-colors was opened. The array of pictures is finer than any we have ever known this Society to exhibit. Among those on the walls is a picture of "Twilight on the James River," by Joseph Becker, which is strong in color and bold in conception. The pair by Matt Morgan, "Pyramus and Thisbe," are exquisitely drawn, and both bold and delicate in the features of their subjects. Jas. E. Taylor's "Settlers Attacked by Indians—The First Shot," is a very dramatic picture, and shows how powerful this artist is in the technicality of Indian form and life.

ADULTERATION OF TEA.

WE cannot be too thankful for the bliss of our own ignorance. If we knew exactly what we took into our stomachs, starvation would soon become a general virtue. Few imagine that the usual articles of food are pure; and some are quite positive that coffee is a mysterious compound of potatoes, roots, herbs, nuts and barks. Some, again—the social encyclopedias—while sipping a cup of strong tea, have a partial perception of a copperas flavoring. They may possibly acknowledge that the last pound is not so fresh as the previous one, and may, very likely, fail to open their eyes to the proper dimensions of courtly horror when it is hinted that the leaves they boiled had passed through similar service in many families and various countries. The Chinese and Japanese may indeed be heathens. Who knows?

From the result of a Parliamentary investigation in 1835 it appears that upwards of four million pounds of fictitious tea are on an average com-

monly made in England, and used to mix with that brought there from China. Within a few years this illicit practice, which had previously been carried on by stealth, was attempted to be legalized by taking out a patent for the preparation of British leaves as a substitute for tea, and an extensive manufactory established for this purpose.

Of all plants that have been used in substitution of an adulteration in true tea, none are so well adapted, chemically, as the sloe. If what are supposed to be tea-leaves are moistened and spread out, and then compared with the accompanying cuts, an idea may be formed of the scarcity of pure tea. Beginning with the serratures, it will be detected that those on the margin of the tea-leaf only take their rise from about a quarter to half an inch above its base, whilst in the leaf of the sloe they are continuous from base to apex. They vary in respect of their apices, which in the tea is more or less visibly emarginate, according to variety, a particular that renders it out of all correspondence, botanically speaking, to the apex of the sloe, which is acute. The other difference of character is that of their venations. These when viewed will, in that of the tea, be noticed but to proceed from the midrib or central stem, to only within a short distance of the leaf's edge, in a recurvate manner. In the sloe they are, on the other hand, in direct contact with the margin. For other and further differences take the leaves themselves. A superficial examination will soon discover to the botanist a varying lamina, which in the case of tea will be found rather thick and somewhat coriaceous, in which the veins are immersed, while in that of the sloe it is comparatively thin and tender, with veins prominent. Continuing the examination further still, but microscopically, the stomata of the tea will be found to be reniform in shape; but in the sloe partaking of the more typical shape of semi-lunar form. These pores can be very easily observed, if a thin piece of the skin of either of the leaves be cut off, and placed on a glass with a very little water, under the microscope.

In a chemical sense the sloe is eminently fitted as a substitute; for, excepting that it does not possess the active principle of tea, theime, it can, in its proportions of all its other principles, be said to form a very near approximate. So to this, as well as its physiological structure, and especially of its general outline, may be attributed in a great measure, no doubt, the success with which its illicit use has been, and doubtless still is, carried on, if not, perhaps, in the now absolute employment of it as a substitute, still in the less detectable, though none the less positive, way of an adulterant.

Possides the sloe, there are leaves of other British plants which may here be mentioned, as having been used in substitution of, and to adulterate with, the true tea. Among others which could be named, are those of the strawberry, the sage and rosebay willow-herb.

THE DUKE AND THE DUCHESS.

THE recent marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh with the eldest daughter of the Czar of Russia created great social excitement not only in St. Petersburg, but also through the capitals of all Europe. The Duke was hardly thought to have sowed his wild oats, and it is said of him that during the marriage ceremony he was gruff in his manner. The Grand Duchess is a popular young lady, with fine qualities of person and mind. The marriage has its political significance, because the Duke stands second to the Prince of Wales in his right to the English throne. Yet when we remember that the Emperor of Austria did not scruple to attack his French son-in-law Bonaparte, and that the German Crown Prince's English wife has never desisted rumors of a threatened Anglo-German war, we may view the marriage of these later royal youths as only a mating of the butterflies.

ALEX. D. HAMILTON, THE JERSEY CITY DEFAULTER.

ALEXANDER D. HAMILTON, the alleged defaulting City Treasurer of Jersey City, is a fast young man of the usual type. He fell violently in love with Winnetta Montague, and lavished the most costly presents on her, with money belonging to the City Treasury.

On Friday evening young Hamilton, who is a married man and the father of three children, left suddenly, as he said, to go to Trenton. The next heard of him was by a telegram, dated Boston, saying that he, Hamilton, had been called there on important business. Nothing has been heard of him since. Detectives are searching for him, and his portraits have been scattered broadcast over the land. Telegrams signed by Winnetta Montague have been received from various places, but they are generally believed to be bogus, as she could have no interest in informing the police of her whereabouts. She is said to be the woman for whom Walter Montgomery, the actor, committed suicide in London about two years ago. He had married her, and had only the day before his death learned her true character. Young Hamilton belongs to a wealthy, honorable and influential family in Jersey City, and his dereliction was more to be wondered at on that account, and also that all his bills were paid by his father-in-law, who, it is rumored, is with his father, willing to make good to the city the deficiency in the accounts.

Hamilton has borne a rather bad character in the two institutions he was connected with in this city. In one he was suspected of collusion with a defaulting cashier, and from the other he was, along with his colleagues, discharged when an irregularity in the accounts was detected. Hamilton was appointed City Treasurer as a plant tool of the Board of Finance, *vice Dr. Hornblower*, removed to make room for him. He was only appointed last June. Hamilton took his bail-bond of \$125,000 with him, but it is thought that, notwithstanding they deny that their signatures are on the bond, his bondsmen, Hamilton, Sr., his father, Mr. Clowes, his father-in-law, Mr. Gopill, Mr. Amess and Mr. Whyte can be held responsible. Some say that their names were forged, and that they knew nothing of the matter.

The defalcation was discovered through the anxiety of Mr. Clowes to be released from the bond on Monday. The Board then went to work and found that \$50,000 in bonds, and the bail-bond, were missing.

BOOK NOTICES.

ALL ROUND THE WORLD. A Pictorial Representation of all the Nations of the Old World, with over 800 Illustrations. THE UNITED STATES PUBLISHING COMPANY, New York.

The editors of "All Round the World" have, in one sense, fulfilled Ariel's promise to Prospero, to "put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes," for we are enabled, in the short space of a winter's evening, to take in the salient traits of life and scenery from India to the Pole, and from the weird mistiness of Thule to the torrid intensity of the Kalbar region. One minute we are lounging on the Boulevard des Capucines, or purposely losing ourselves among the many shades of that trim and dainty Bois de Boulogne—the next, we find ourselves under a sultry noontide sky, dreamily listening to the silvery fall of the Moorish fountain in the Lion's Court of the Alhambra, or sauntering under the moonlit arches of the Colosseum, glimpses of "Manfred" and of "Harold" flashing athwart our recollection, while the massy grandeur of the old blood-stained pile reminds us of the prophecy: "While the Colosseum stands, Rome shall stand—when Rome falls, the world shall fall." Floating down the green Nile in the shadow of the eternal Pyramids—awestruck before the more than Arabian Nights' magnificence of Elora and Elephantia—now interviewing Theodorus, "King of Kings of Ethiopia," and lineal descendant of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba—now staking a "nap" on the roulette table at Homburg, or pacing the Atrium of the Pompeian Salust, immortalized by Lord Lytton's genius—we enjoy all the sweets of travel, while rejecting its disagreeables. We are made free of the royal halls of Sardianopolis, and behold the great king in all his barbaric splendor, with painted face and gold powdered hair and beard. We hunt the wolf in the land of the Czar, and disport ourselves in the crystal waves of Biarritz, among the elite of Parisian society. We are led from the Holy of Holies of Solomon's Temple on Mount Moriah to the Chapel of the Invalides, under whose dome repose the mighty ashes of Napoleon the Great.

The book opens with a beautifully executed chromolithograph, "The Flower Girl at Marseilles." The pretty bouquet, snugly enfolded in her gay and Oriental-looking kiosk, rising like a fairy from a mass of rare exotics, seems, like the faded Siren of antiquity, half woman, half-flower. The stylishly attired lady and gentleman, with the exquisite little maid by their side, make up a picture at once graceful and effective. This volume, which is bound with exquisite taste, in a style at once rich, substantial and chaste, is most profusely illustrated. The designs with which it is replete are, one and all, executed in the very best style.

The sketch on page 183, "The Fire of St. John in Alantia," is designed with great force and spirit, and breathes the genial homeliness of that kind-hearted Alantian race, German by blood, French by feeling, which recent events have brought before the eyes of the world.

There is something Miltonian in the terrific gloom and grandeur of the gorge of the "Via Mala," p. 295, which might well serve as an entrance to the realms of Hades.

In the "Kiosque of the Seraglio" (p. 21), we enter at once into the atmosphere of self-surrender to the decrees of destiny—a voluptuous enjoyment for the present and torpid indifference to the future—of Kief, in short—where the Orientals are bliss supreme and unalloyed.

One is somewhat tempted to sympathize with the ill-used porcelains in the engraving on p. 197—"Gathering Truffles in France."

On page 159 we have "The Fandangos at Seville, after Dore," and we gaze with unmitigated wonder and delight on the little and supple forms of the beautiful dancing girls, whose earnest and passionate intensity of countenance—intensity almost to moroseness—is in fine contrast with the gorgeous extravagance of costume, by which the woman is metamorphosed into something rather akin to a tropical bird or flower—a thing of gauze and glitter and "a joy for ever." What latent energy in their very repose and helplessness!

"A Siamonin Rayah" (p. 331) might well be taken for the Gaiety moodily poring the clusters of the old Greek convent, his mind intent on lost Lelia, while his brother monks flee in fear and trembling from before his face. There is a largeness of conception and design, a massive breadth of execution, and an intensity of tone, which lend to this sketch something of the effect of an oil painting. There is something particularly fine in the treatment of the folds formed about the head by the cowl half thrown back.

"Sunrise on the Desert" (p. 453) suggests Byron's magnificent address to the Ocean, at the close of "Childe Harold." His lines are equally applicable to the waste of waters and to the no less trackless waste of sands. The little band slowly moves along the accustomed track. Perhaps they are merchants from Soudan—perhaps badgers bound for the holy Gaba, too—then their long spears glitter in the rays of the morning sun; they are children of the desert, lying in wait for the rich caravan that will shortly pass, laden with the gold dust and ivory of Nigritia.

The peculiarities of the "Heavenly Chinese," the darkness of his ways, and the vanity of his tricks, are fully exemplified in their turns, and, noticeably as regards the mystic attending the "cultivation" of a Chinese belle's foot, which mystery are unfolded to our wondering eyes on pages 166 and 167. Surely, this at least is a fashion which the American ladies will not be tempted into following.

The letter press of this charming book is all it should be. Concise, correct in its details, with none of the prosiness which sometimes renders books of travel so alarmingly superfluous as to make the reader forget the writer could not, like our late friend Alexander Dumas, sit at his fireside, and there issue to an admiring world the thrilling narrative of his adventures by land and sea.

PEN PICTURES OF EUROPE. By ELIZABETH PEASE. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

A very handsome illustrated volume of travels, consisting of a journal extending from April, 1871, to September, 1872, in which Miss Pease has recorded, in a very pleasant readable style, the impressions made on her mind while visiting most of the objects of interest to Americans in England, Scotland, France, Switzerland, Italy and Germany. More than sixty engravings, on tinted paper, of scenes and localities attractive to tourists, are interspersed through the work. Altogether the book is one that must have great value for any one proposing a European tour; and for the general reader we know of nothing lately issued from the press that has equal attractions.

MR. F. STREIBER, of 22 Frankfurt Street, has published a handy Topographical Map of the Island of Cuba, by Schneider. It is a fine and valuable piece of workmanship, and merits a purchase.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

From LEE & SHEPARD: "Home Nook; or, The Crown of Duty," by Amanda M. Douglas. "Mrs. Armitage's Ward; or, The Interior Sex," by D. Thew Dwight. "Money Maker; or, The Victory of the Basilisk," by Oliver Optic. "A Stout Heart; or, The Student from over the Sea," by Elphig Kellough. "Miss Thistle-down," by Sophie May; and "Stories of a Grandfather about American History," by N. S. Dodge.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

ENGLAND.—SUNDAY AFTERNOON IN LONDON. WAITING FOR PULLY-HOUSES TO OPEN.

It is a strange sight for an American returning from Sunday service in London, to see a crowd of people about the dram-shops, waiting for the doors to open at the hour of tea. Many of them are of well-to-do

families—men, women and children—some waiting to fill their pots with beer, others craving for something stronger. Often a young girl is seen waiting with her jug in hand, while her sister goes to the bake-house for bread or pies. There are also a less respectable class of customers of both sexes, unaccustomed to places of worship, on whose hands the day hangs heavily. It will be seen in our illustration that some of the groups are mere children, too young to walk in the streets without an older companion.

SPAIN.—BATTLE AT CALLELA.

Our Spanish war picture represents a fight at Callela between the Government troops and the Carlists. It adds another horror to the catalogue of bloody barbarities so common to Spanish rule. War and slavery are almost synonymous with the words "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity," as defined in the Spanish dictionary.

NEGRO VISITORS ABOARD THE ENGLISH STEAMSHIP "VOLTA."

High life at Sierra Leone is illustrated in the sketch, of a party of fashionable ladies and gentlemen who visited the English mail steamer *Volta*, for a promenade on deck.

AFRICA.—NEGRO STRIKE AT SIERRA LEONE.

From our illustration it appears that the Pagan heathen of West Africa are not behind their Christian brethren north of the Equator in the art of striking for higher wages.

INDIA.—FAMINE IN BENGAL—A BENGALIEE GRAIN-DEALER.

Owing to the failure of the rice and wheat crops in Bengal, a frightful famine is predicted, and the foreign Press are discussing measures of relief. Rice is the chief article of food in Lower Bengal, and in other districts along the coast where the land can be overworked. In the upper provinces the inhabitants raise wheat, barley, maize, peas and other grains. They seldom taste animal food, although it is not entirely prohibited by the Hindu religion. In case of drought and famine, these people of simple habits have nothing to fall back on, and having no crops, they starve. In such times the most rigid economy is observed. Our illustration represents a Bengalee grain merchant selling corn to the poor in the street market.

FRANCE.—THE POPE'S ENVOY DELIVERING TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS THE CARDINAL'S INSIGNIA.

Two French prelates are included in the last batch of nominations of Cardinals made by the Pope. They are the Archbishops of Paris and Cambrai. Envoys of noble birth were selected to deliver to each Cardinal the insignia of his office. Our illustration represents the ceremony attendant on presentation of the Cardinal's hat to the Archbishop of Paris by the two nobles selected for the purpose—the Chevalier Calogiochi and Count Sardinio.

THE STEAM TRAM-CAR IN LONDON.

The steam tram-car shown in our illustration was recently tried in London, before daylight one morning, on the tramway between Victoria Station and Vauxhall Bridge. It was built like an ordinary English tram-car, except it had the American "Bogie" wheel, which enabled it to turn a sharp curve with as much ease as a cab. It weighed five tons and carried fifty passengers. The speed allowed was that of a fast street-carriage, but it was claimed that it could travel forty miles an hour. The engine was inclosed in the centre of the car, and no smell nor smoke came from it. It was suggested that sham horses be used at first, to accustom the live ones to the sight of steam-cars on the streets.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MR. CHANFRAU is playing at Wood's Museum in Philadelphia.

MR. and MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS are playing in Philadelphia.

DON BODICCAULT is to write funny sketches of his trip to California.

"LED ASTRAY," at the Union Square Theatre, is drawing crowded houses in its eighth week.

It is said that Lydia Thompson will leave the American stage at the close of the present season.

MILK ANDER is in Mexico. Her manager published a card saying that her performances were respectable.

MISS JENNIE VAN ZANT'S singing in "Rigoletto," at Miss Kellogg's English opera, was highly spoken of.

MISS CROSMAN'S readings at Steinway Hall, in New York, are listened to by large and brilliant audiences.

MAX SMITH'S daughter, Miss Kate Smith, has made a successful debut in Italy, under the name of *Catharina Marco*.

HEER WIENIAWSKI, Maurel and Theodore Thomas gave a joint entertainment at Steinway Hall, which in its way has never been surpassed in New York.

The Third Symphony Concerts, just given by Theodore Thomas, were brilliant, very classical, and the crowd was so great that many were unable to get seats.

MR. JOHN S. CLARK and his family are passing the Winter on the Continent, and at last accounts were at Rome. Mr. Clarke is announced to reappear at his own London theatre in the Spring.

THE "Liederkrantz," recently produced in New York Max Bruch's new work, "Scenen aus der Irrfahrt des Odysseus" (Scenes from the wandering Ulysses), which has only been heard in one or two cities of Germany.

THE new play "Follie," at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, is in a fair way to become popular. It is an English version of M. Sardou's "Maison Neuve," which assumes to satirize fashionable people and the follies of high life. The leading character of the piece performed at Mr. Daly's theatre is taken by Miss Dyas, and it is generally agreed that her acting displays unusual talent. She seems to have that rare gift which interprets the subtle and delicate intricacies of nature as if by instinct.

"Without delirium there can be no genius," a great writer has said. This is what Miss Dyas possesses in an eminent degree. Her acting not only shows an intuitive knowledge of dramatic principles, but she does her work intelligently, which is more than can be said of many who have a wider reputation in the theatrical world.

A THEATRICAL CONTRACT.—The London Times says that the "American Showman," Mr. P. T. Barnum, who is now in England, has just entered into a contract with the Messrs. Sanger, of Astley's Amphitheatre, for the purchase of the whole of the plant, wardrobe and paraphernalia connected with the pageant of the "Congress of Monarchs," exhibited at the Agricultural Hall four or five years since. The contract is as follows:—

"This agreement, made at the City of London, January 2d, 1874, between Messrs. John and George Sanger, of the said City of London, England, and P. T. Barnum, of New York, United States of America, witnesses, that for the sum of £20,000 sterling, the said Messrs. J. and G. Sanger agree to complete and deliver to the said P. T. Barnum duplicates of all the chariots, costumes, trappings, flags, banners and other paraphernalia used by the said Messrs. J. and G. Sanger in the production of the great pageant representing the Congress of Monarchs."

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Cunard steamer *Algeria*, expecting to return in April next, with another large body of emigrants. In addition to the English settlers, several American gentlemen have made investments there. All that has been done thus far has been mainly by Mr. Grant himself. He already has over 2,400 sheep of different varieties, and of the finest blood. He has also one hundred Cotswolds, and forty-five Biscathrope rams, worth \$200 each in England. He has eight short-horn bulls, and four black Aberdeen poles of the highest pedigree. He has one bull one year old, "Count de Brumow," half-brother to the celebrated bull "Breastplate," which took the first premium at the St. Louis fair. Next Summer he expects to have 100,000 sheep and 10,000 cattle ranging over this vast farm. In order to encourage this farming on a large scale, not less than a section is sold, and many take more. With the help of those who are coming, the work of next year will be to lay out a railroad near the city, with schoolhouses and churches; to plant tracts of forest and fruit trees, to plow the land for necessary crops, and perfect the arrangements for the special work, sheep-raising. The city of Victoria will be about 280 miles west of Kansas City, on the Kansas Pacific Road, and will be laid out in large plots, more like a collection of country villages than a city. This railroad traverses the central portion of the colony, and gives its inhabitants special advantages. Fifty thousand acres of land will probably be brought under cultivation during the coming season, and the plans for making a forest growth are on the same large scale. The expectations in regard to stock-raising have been mentioned above. Mr. Grant takes great pride in the founding and progress of the colony he has originated, and feels assured of success.

THE LEAD-MELTING.

TWAS clear, cold, starry, silver night,
And the old year was a-dying,
Three pretty girls with melted lead
Sat gayly fortune-trying.
They dropt the lead in water clear,
With blushing palpitations,
And as it hissed, with fearful hearts
They sought its revelations.

In the deep night, while all around
The snow was whitely falling,
Each pretty girl looked down to find
Her future husband's calling:
The eldest sees a castle grand
Girt round by shrubland shady,
And, blushing bright, she feels in thought
A lady rich already!

The second sees a silver ship,
And bright and glad her face is:
Oh, she will have a skipper bold,
Grown rich in foreign places!
The youngest sees a glittering crown,
And starts in consternation,
For Molly is too meek to dream
Of reaching regal station.

And time went by—one maiden got
Her landsman, one her sailor—
The lackey of a country count!
The skipper of a whaler!
And Molly has her crown, although
She unto few can show it—
Her crown is true love, fancy-wrought,
Her husband—a poor poet!

THE END OF A BURDEN.

ALADY sat in her drawing-room, holding between thumb and finger two visiting-cards connected by a silver thread, which, with the index of the other hand, she caused to revolve slowly.
"Mrs. Cuthbert Raynor!" she ejaculated, meditatively. "What a pretty girl Alice Crofton was, Lewin!"
"Yes; and so is Mrs. Cuthbert Raynor, Susie," returned a gentleman, her companion.
"I know you think so." The lady's eyebrows elevated themselves slightly. "Well, she is married, and a terrible blow she has inflicted upon dear, delightful Romance. Now, Alice ought to have married a poet, and not a money-monger like old Cuthbert Raynor."
"Raynor! She has not only married Raynor!" the gentleman's tone was blandly sarcastic—"she has committed polygamy!"
The lady's look conveyed that she was awaiting further explanation.
"She married, firstly," Raynor Place; secondly, a settlement of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars; thirdly, the establishment on Fifth Avenue; fourthly, Raynor himself; fifthly, the contingency of a widow's cap."
"And sixthly, after a decorous mourning, Mr. Lewin Crawford, brother?" added the lady, interrogatively.
"Lewin, let me give you advice: do not attempt epigram on any subject in which your own feelings are strongly engaged. One is apt to mistake spitefulness for epigram under those circumstances."
"Not an unfrequent case with you, sister, is it?"
"Ah, that is what you nobler works of the creation term the 'tu quoque.'" Mrs. Redmond looked at her brother, whom she detested with sisterly fervor, and her soft hazel eyes expressed insolence in the kindest manner possible. "When do you mean to offer your congratulations?" she went on, nestling herself luxuriously in her softly cushioned chair. "You ought to dine by yourself at Delmonico's after your visit, for, my poor Lewin, I fear you will not be good company."
"And if I deprived you of the enjoyment of witnessing my agonies, Susie, your disappointment would so discompose your serenity, that poor Redmond would wish you at Delmonico's, or at that older establishment kept by him who spells his name in the same way, leaving out the *l* and the *e*."
Mrs. Redmond laughed pleasantly.
"Do you think, Lewin, that Mrs. Cuthbert told her husband of her half-engagement to you? Some girls are so conscientious, you know. That would make it very ticklish for you, if you call. Perhaps it would be more agreeable to you to defer visiting until I have sounded your pretty jilt."
"What! and leave me sponsor of your bad taste?" said the gentleman. "My dear Susie, you are sufficiently unfortunate in your conception of what constitutes 'savoir faire' in your own circle. Your 'faisces' in the subtleties of society have been less unnoticed by others than by yourself. Do not extend the sphere of their influence."
Mrs. Redmond's eyes contracted, and her lips lost some of their cherry hue—her cheeks were fortified in their delicate bloom against a similar mishap.
Her brother rose carelessly, without waiting for a return fire, and sauntered out of the room.
Mr. Cuthbert Raynor's young wife was passing the summer months at Raynor Place. The place

was old, the name new; so was Mr. Raynor's fortune. Fungi grow up in a night, and there are fungi everywhere, even in Wall Street. I do not know that there is anything very iniquitous about the quality of newness in a man, but tyrannous Society has it entered on its penal code. The architect of his own fortunes is never so estimable as the descendant who simply inherits the architecture. Mr. Raynor was a new man; he had swum into society on his money-bags; gold sinks in every other sea; it is very good cork there. He enjoyed one great negative advantage. Curiosity's many questions concerning him had never succeeded in drawing from sharp-tongued Malevolence a single whisper. This anomaly is easily explained. Nobody knew anything about the man.
One day Taurus was in rampant ascendancy in Wall Street, and a certain stock went up to the firmament. *Ursa Major* and *Ursa Minor* were short of stock and temper. Suddenly, several thousands of the coveted shares were thrown on the market, and a few days afterwards Mr. Raynor was. His broker knew nothing whatever of his client but this one fact—he had made two million dollars by the transaction.

Mr. Raynor was neither young, handsome nor gentlemanlike; he was neither educated nor refined, but he was rich; so he bought a good estate and Alice Crofton, and gave his own good name to both.

Alice Raynor! Alice of the dreamy eyes—hazel, gray or brown, which were they? That depended on the sunshine. Ah! what business had you in Raynor Place, Alice? Is not life a mistake, and the world of flowers and summery foliage an ugly world when the price of the admission-ticket beggars the treasury of the heart?

There she stands, with her broad-brimmed straw hat tossed down, and one arm thrown over her head, leaning against the trunk of an old tree, her charming white dress soiled with its green mold; glittering gold in every wave of her hair, and tears slowly gathering between her eyelashes, silently falling on to the emerald turf, where the red-breasted thrushes are hopping so happily a little way off.

"To love, cherish and obey, till death us do part."

The leaves at Raynor Place had got into a way of rustling those words in her ears; and it was a sentence full of dismal sense to her at the end of six months of married life. Had Alice Crofton been fancy-free when she became Alice Raynor, the match would still have been an egregious mistake, for she was idealistic, imaginative, and trained to assess at their very fullest value the minute refinements of social polish; and now she found herself face to face with the insoluble problem how to love and honor the man whose modes of thought and habits of life she disliked, and, worst of all, despised.

But she was *not* fancy-free. She had fully purposed marrying Lewin Crawford when he came back from Paris, where he held an influential position in an American banking firm; and that purpose of hers was perfectly warranted by past acts of demonstrative preference on the part of the former. Their engagement was rather tacitly assumed than absolutely contracted; it was her fault, not his; for, governed by one of those whims cherished in the female breast, she had baffled more than one decided overture of Mr. Crawford's to establish their intercourse upon a more defined basis. His sister, Mrs. Redmond, had improvised the earthquake which had toppled down the city where her hope dwelt, and buried it in the ruins. One day, without warning of any kind, she had announced her brother's engagement to a young lady sojourning, like himself, in Paris. It was not till then Alice had fully comprehended how entirely she had made all her anticipations of life subordinate to the one idea of living it out with Lewin Crawford. Imagining that she detected in his engagement a measure designed by him to punish her willfulness in evading a contract between themselves, she gave rein to a violent resentment, inveighed bitterly against his pitiful blindness, and, making the common blunder of trying to elude one right out of two wrongs, married Mr. Raynor just a fortnight before Lewin Crawford returned to America as unfettered by any engagement as his sister had been by veracity when she declared one. She learned the truth soon enough after Lewin's return, too soon, in fact; she had filled her cup full of bitterness without this last drop of gall, and a haunting sense of inability to struggle under her burdens seemed to grind away her courage. Her husband understood the science of dollars; the lore of the human heart was a study of which he knew just so much as he could read as he ran. He was a taciturn, absorbed man, who would have lived for a century with a wife without ever asking himself if she loved him. He paid for affection, so he argued, without arguing, in luxuries, jewelry, carriages and toilets. If he paid his broker money for shares, he got shares. Affection and shares were very much alike in Mr. Raynor's eyes.

What solace could Alice find for a sore heart in a tenderness whose highest conception of consolation for a sorrow would have been a visit to Tiffany's store, with a check for a thousand dollars? Poor girl, she whispered to herself that she was quite alone in the world, whereas there was an ever-present personage in her daily life whose corporeal absence was neutralized by a spiritual presence; and this, more than any repulsion of uncongeniality, stood between her and Mr. Raynor, spectre-fashion.
Alice and Lewin had met more than once after the former's marriage, although the latter had not called at Mr. Raynor's residence, and was personally unknown to that gentleman. The meetings had been fortuitous, and had occurred in the absence of Mr. Raynor. Lewin never appeared to see her when she was in the company of her husband. Upon one occasion they encountered at the railroad depot, and traveled together for some distance. Alice had enjoyed a miserable happiness in listening to words wholly sad and half-tender, emphasized by bitter reproaches leveled against himself, which she longed to claim as due to her alone.

"You are happy?" he had said in a low, questioning tone, looking wistfully in her face just before the train stopped where he was to leave it; and her lips had quivered so she could not speak, dared not even draw the long breath her chest panted for, because she knew it would break out into sobs if she did. And he had laid his hand gently upon hers, saying nothing, but looking his full comprehension of her unhappiness.

"Both of us, Alice—both of us!" That was all he remarked, as he shook his head sorrowfully, and then they parted. When Mr. Raynor kissed her as they met at Raynor Place that evening Alice shuddered, as if her husband's lips had burned her.

And now she stood under the trees, rebellious against the lot she had made for herself. A foot-step sounded on the gravel of the carriage-drive, so she hastily dried the tears from her eyes, and picked up her hat. It was only a servant.

A gentleman wishes to know, ma'am, if he may take some views of the park?"

"Oh, of course, yes," Alice spoke quite petulantly, and stroiled off across the grass to where the brook tumbled down in a mimic waterfall, to a

little dell, through which it rippled away, half-bid by the growth of myosotis and water-cress. She could cry, if she liked, there, undisturbed; could pick the little blue blossoms and murmur to herself, "Forget-me-not;" could form letters with the tiny petals by laying them in order upon her dress-folds, and not be afraid of any one reading what the letters spelt—"LEWIN;" could bend down her face till her eyes were hid in the long grass, and summon up in the darkness the look of the face that owed its pained expression to her; the sound of the voice that had said, "Both of us, Alice—both of us." And how she loved that face—how she hungered for that voice!

"Oh, I cannot—cannot bear it!" she sobbed; "Lewin, dear, I cannot bear it." Her fingers clasped the grass convulsively, and the tears spread and spread till her white sleeve was quite wet and limp. Something warm touched her outstretched hand; the bite of a snake could not have caused her to spring to her knees more abruptly. A dark mass of round-edged cloud began to creep over the sun, and a distant reverberation of thunder seemed to bring into clearer distinctness the babbling of the brook. While the sun shines who heeds the muttering of the thunder? Alice Raynor heard nothing but the throb, throb, throb of Lewin Crawford's heart; her tear-stained face was resting upon his breast.

"Your burden will crush you, Alice, my own poor sorrowful one. Ah! read the will of fate in my coming, as I read it in the revelation your lips made, unconscious of my presence. Look round you, my only love; is not the law of happiness written on all creation? and all obey that law excepting only we. Is it not enough that we, by our folly, or our inexperience, breed sorrow in our life, but we must perpetuate it by a blind submission to those laws of etiquette by which society has supplanted the law of nature. Trapped by a lie into a marriage which violates every instinct of your heart, every yearning of your mind, will you interpret your duty as demanding for its fulfillment the maintenance of a bitter misery, which hour by hour and year by year must intensify for you and for me, whose only title to it must consist in loving you faithfully and well? Nay, Alice, even to him whose name you assumed, in very recklessness of fate, would not your whole life be a sham? Loathing him in your secret heart, your only reward—if such you can feel it—for withering your own life and mind would be to deceive. Alice, Alice! enough of tears. Ah! believe me, there are smiles for us if we seek it; enough of misery; there is happiness for us if we seek it!" winding his arms round the agitated girl, he pressed his lips against the wavy golden hair which reclined against his breast.

"Alice," he whispered, close to her ear, "a word from you can banish me—send me forth to bear my bitter burden as I may; and a word can bless me with transcending joy. Look, dear one, upon the lot the first will chain you to. Can you bear it? Can you presently meet your husband?"—Lewin's tone was bitterly emphatic as he pronounced the last word—"lie on his breast; suffer his kiss; mock your own soul by giving him back caresses and a simulacrum of love; accept him as the beginning and end of your life's dream?"

"Ah, mercy—mercy!" sobbed poor Alice.
"In mercy I speak, Alice; in mercy that will not play the hypocrite to truth. Our fate is in your hands; the breath of destiny has blown the thread of our future life within your reach; what will you twist it to? You may make of it a strong rope of happiness, or you may leave it in an unraveled thread of worthless hopelessness. Choose, love, for you—for me."

Slowly the pale face was lifted from the breast where it had lain for support, and the tearful eyes, through their wet fringes, had pitiful supplication in their glance.

"Guide me, Lewin, for this is the hour of your strength," she murmured, tremulously. "Choose for me, Lewin, for it is the hour of my weakness."

Lewin Crawford looked away from the gaze of those sorrowful eyes.

It is recorded that the Arch-Tempter directed Eve's sight to the fruit on the tree; possibly even he felt it hard to look innocence in the face while he betrayed it.

"Alice!" exclaimed Lewin, passionately, his looks glowingly riveted upon the lovely face, touchingly lovely in its melancholy grace. "In another country, far away from the stinging memories of this, your weakness may lean for ever on my strength. Be brave; turn your back to the barren heartlessness of a life filled up in all its hours and days with a nauseous mockery of love; dare to trample down the artificial boundary with which false reason and spurious morality would wall you in to a voluntary renunciation of all that is worth living for. Ah, think of me—let me be selfish to win you to your happiness, my love—think of me strong and hopeful to fight life's battle with something of sunshine in every day of it, since your presence blesses and lightens it. Ah, Alice, listen to the pleadings of your own heart, which cries, as mine cries, for mercy for its one unquenched hope."

Sinking on his knees, he looked up imploringly into her face.

Alice stood with her beautiful hair all disarranged by her own hands, which were clasped over her head, her face hidden by her bended arms crossed before it.

"What would you have me do?" she cried, and her voice, usually so soft, was husky and rustling. Lewin Crawford gazed searchingly at her.

"Stay here, if you can bear the burden of your life, Alice," said he, and paused; "and here in this spot we can bury the corpse of our hope. You may come now and then to look at the grave. I—I will go forth and bear the burden for both of us, if it may be so."

She left off twining her hair round her fingers, and her arms fell wearily.

"You cannot bear my burden, Lewin. Look at me. Do I seem able to bear yours, too?"

"Alice!"

"Yes; take up your burden," she continued, dreamily, in her tired tone: "I imposed it on you, poor Lewin; and I would take it up with mine, if I could, only I fear that it would break my heart without solacing yours."

"Do not speak in riddles, love. What burden of mine would I suffer you to bear?"

"The burden of your wish, Lewin."

With an abrupt gesture, Alice extended her right hand, with the forefinger out, straight at her lover. It trembled nervously, and her whole frame shook; but there was something solemnly denunciatory in her aspect, and Lewin felt it.

"Leave the burden where it is, then, Alice," said he, with an emphasis, and rising as he spoke.

A strange smile flitted, as it were, across her lips.

"Your life would be happy if I left all for you, Lewin! The love that forgets duty would never be, in turn, forgotten! When I cried, 'Guide me in this hour of your strength, Lewin,' you answered, 'Join your lot with mine; trample down the barriers society erects around you.' Will you never reproach me for my facile yielding?"

"Alice, Alice! Oh, my love, why say such words to me?"

Again he pressed to her side, kneeling before her.

"By everything sacred in heaven—" With a deafening crash the thunder drowned his speech in reverberating peals. Alice clung to him in startled terror, and heavy, solitary drops of rain smote sharply amongst the leaves overhead.

"You are frightened and unmoved, poor darling," said he, soothingly. "It is a mere thunder-shower. This old hollow tree will shelter you till it is past."

Passively she yielded to his guidance, and leaned half within and half outside the crumbling trunk of an old cypress-tree, a few of whose lower branches yet showed that life still lingered in the timeworn ruin. With a rush, like the beating of legion wings, the rain-torrent swept along, spreading a hazy, gray veil over everything. Lewin drew Alice more completely within the shelter. What did he care for the rain or the thunder? The transport of a hope which dizzied his brain set every pulse in his frame throbbing. Passionately he clasped his drooping companion to his heart, pressing warm kisses upon her unresisting face, while the lightning zigzagged across the lull clouds, and the drenched leaves quivered under the booming concussions of the thunder.

It cleared away finally, and soon after lunch-time Mr. Raynor arrived by train from New York. Mrs. Raynor was from home, which did not surprise him when he learned she had walked out before the storm began.

"She has taken shelter," said he, "at Mrs. Wigram's. I should not wonder, or perhaps at the parson's. You had better go round with the carriage, Judson, and fetch her home; the roads are ankle-deep with mud."

Judson drove forth and returned, but Mrs. Raynor was not in the carriage, neither had the servants obtained any information about her.

"Then, I guess she is in the 'mountain house,' or some of the cottages in the park," said Mr. Raynor, as he poured out a glass of wine for himself: "when it dries a little I will go and meet her."

And so he did, with a pair of waterproof boots on his feet, kicking the moisture which bound down the blades of grass in spray before him, and weighing the probabilities of a rise in Northwestern Stock.

In this way he had traversed a considerable portion of the park, when his attention was attracted by the appearance of photographic apparatus, standing drenched and dismal-looking, as un-serviceable a camera as ever was. A little further off a large limb rent from a tree showed the fresh white of its wound in relief against the dark green of the turf. Again, something whiter still in front of the hollow cypress-tree drew his gaze, and he walked to see what it was.

Stretched across Lewin Crawford's body, her golden hair streaming over his chest and face, drenched with wet, and dead, lay Alice Raynor on her lover's corpse.

The old cypress was torn asunder by lightning. Mr. Raynor was very much shocked, and very much puzzled to understand who Lewin Crawford could be, until he learned from the servants that he was the gentleman who had solicited permission to obtain views of the park. It was abundantly plain to him then, that, finding Mrs. Raynor overtaken by the storm, he had escorted her to a dangerous shelter. He said very little, as was his wont; but buried his wife with exceeding pomp, and advertised the photographer, without obtaining thereby any applications for the body, which was therefore very respectfully buried likewise, the defunct happening to have a considerable sum of money in purse, but neither card, letter or memorandum, by which name or address could be conjectured. The two graves are no great distance apart, and they who fill them bear each their own burden!

GOETHE'S BOY-LIFE.

IN his lately published "Story of Goethe's Life," George Henry Lewes relates some interesting anecdotes of the boy-life of the great poet of Germany, who was, it seems from various accounts, altogether a precocious child. At three years old he could seldom be brought to play with little children, and only on the condition of their being pretty.

One day, in a neighbor's house, he suddenly began to cry, and exclaim, "That black child must go away! I can't bear him!" and he howled until he was carried home, where he was slowly pacified, the whole cause of his grief being the ugliness of the child. Another day, his mother, seeing him from her window across the street with his comrades, was amused with the gravity of his carriage, and asked, laughingly, if he meant thereby to distinguish himself from his companions. The little fellow replied, "I begin with this. Later on in life I shall distinguish myself in far other ways."

On another occasion he plagued her with questions as to whether the stars would perform all they had promised at his birth. "Why," said she, "must you have the assistance of the stars, when other people get on very well without?" "I am not to be satisfied with what does for other people," said the juvenile Jupiter.

He was early a reflective listener to theological debates, and at one time it occurred to him to build an altar to the Deity in good old Bible fashion. For this purpose he selected some types, such as ores and other natural productions, and arranged them in symbolical order on the elevations of a music-stand; on the apex was to be a flame, typical of the soul's aspiration, and for this a paste did duty. Sunrise was awaited with impatience. The glittering of the house-tops gave signal. He applied a burning-glass to the paste, and thus was the worship consummated by a priest of seven years, alone in his bedchamber.

During his sixth, seventh and eighth years his father's method was to dictate anecdotes to him, generally something from everyday life, or perhaps a trait of Frederick the Great, and on this the boy wrote dialogues and moral reflections in Latin and German. Some of these have been preserved and published, showing what a mastery he had thus early achieved over Latin, writing also, before he was eight, in French, Italian and Greek.

The occupation of Frankfurt by the French during the war, while interrupting the course of the boy's studies, brought him the advantages of conversational familiarity with the French language and acquaintance with the theatre—the army carrying its *café* and theatre along with it. A chattering little braggart named Derones introduced him "behind the scenes," and he became a frequenter of the greenroom, and was admitted into the "dressing-room to the society of actors and actresses."

A grotesque scene took place between himself and Derones, who excelled, as he affirmed, in affairs of honor. He had been engaged in several, and had always managed to disarm his antagonist, and then nobly forgave him. One day he pretended that Wolfgang had insulted him; satisfaction was peremptorily demanded, and a duel was the result. Imagine Wolfgang, aged twelve, arrayed in shoes

and silver buckles, fine woolen stockings, dark serge breeches, green coat with gold facings, a waistcoat of gold cloth, cut out of his father's wedding-waistcoat, his hair curled and powdered, his hat under his arm, and a little sword with silk sword-knot. This little manikin stands opposite his antagonist with theatrical formality; swords clash, thrusts come quick upon each other, the combat grows hot, when the point of Derones's rapier lodges in the bow of Wolfgang's sword-knot; hereupon the French boy, with great magnanimity, declares that he is satisfied. The two embrace, and retire to a *cabé* to refresh themselves with a glass of almond-milk.

His mother's admirable method of cultivating the inventive activity of the boy is charmingly given in her own words in describing her story-telling for his own amusement when he was very young:

"Air, fire, earth and water I represented under the form of princesses, and to all natural phenomena I gave a meaning, in which I almost believed more fervently than my little hearers. As we thought of the paths which led from star to star, and that we should one day inhabit the stars, and thought of the great spirits who should meet there, I was as eager for the hours of story-telling as the children themselves. I was quite curious about the future course of my own improvisation, and any invitation which interrupted these evenings was disagreeable. There I sat, and there Wolfgang held me with his large black eyes, and when the fate of one of his favorites was not according to his fancy, I saw the angry veins swell on his temples; I saw him repress his tears. He often burst in with, 'But, mother, the Princess won't marry the nasty tailor, even if he does kill the giant.' And when I made a pause for the night, promising to continue it on the morrow, I was certain that he would in the meantime think it out for himself, and so he often stimulated my imagination. When I turned the story according to his plan, and told him he had found out the *dénouement*, then he was all fire and flame, and one could see his little heart beating underneath his dress! His grandmother, who made a great pet of him, was the confidant of all his ideas as to how the story would turn out; and as she repeated these to me, and I turned the story according to these hints, there was a little diplomatic secrecy between us which we never disclosed. I had the pleasure of continuing my story to the delight and astonishment of my hearers, and Wolfgang saw with glowing eyes the fulfillment of his own conceptions, and listened with enthusiastic applause."

Not only did he tell stories; he wrote them also, as is gathered from a touching little anecdote preserved by Bettine. The smallpox had carried off his little brother Jacob. To the surprise of his mother, Wolfgang shed no tears, believing Jacob to be with God in heaven. "Did you not love your little brother then," asked his mother, "that you do not grieve for his loss?" He ran to his room and from under the bed drew a quantity of papers, on which he had written stories and lessons. "All these I had written that I might teach them to him," said the child. He was then nine years old. During the French occupancy he made an elaborate address in the style of Piron. When the play was completed, he submitted it to Derones, who, pointing out several grammatical blunders, promised to examine it more critically, and talked of giving it his support with the manager. Wolfgang saw, in his mind's eye, the name of his play already placarded at the corners of the street. Unhappily, Derones, in his critical capacity, was merciless. He picked the play to pieces, and stung the poor author, as many authors had been stung—by critical jargon. His abuse of the English and sneers at the Germans, while he maintained the sovereignty of the French taste, set Wolfgang to thinking on these clerical canons, the result being contempt for the system of Cornille and Racine; and something of the defiance of rule in *Götz von Berlichingen* is thought possibly owing to Derones, the French boy.

CO-OPERATION IN GERMANY.

HERE is the progress of co-operation in Germany: In 1850 there were 80 societies, with 18,676 members, who had on loan 1,131,436 thalers; share capital, 246,001 thalers; and in 1870 these figures had risen to 749 societies, 314,656 members, over 207,618,000 thalers lent, and the share capital had risen to 13,440,132 thalers. Even during the Franco-German war the number of co-operative banks increased by 121, and 112 new stores were opened, while nine manufacturing societies were established. The business done by all these societies in 1870 amounted to 350,000,000 thalers. The paid-up capital was 27,000,000, and the loan capital 62,000,000. The number of co-operators now in Germany exceeds 1,000,000. Amongst the trading associations there are of shoemakers, 65; agriculturists, 43; tailors, 37; cabinetmakers, 24; smiths, 8; weavers, 5; bookbinders, 4; glove manufacturers, 2; carpenters, 2; basketmakers, 2; house-painters, 1; millers, 1; clothmakers, 1; sewing-machinists, 2; bookbinding establishments, 1; house-building establishments, 5; and they appear to make most progress in co-operation just where we make least.

WATER-COLOR EXHIBITION.

LAST week the Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water-colors was opened. The array of pictures is finer than any we have ever known this Society to exhibit. Among those on the walls is a picture of "Twilight on the James River," by Joseph Becker, which is strong in color and bold in conception. The pair by Matt Morgan, "Pyramus and Thisbe," are exquisitely drawn, and both bold and delicate in the features of their subjects. Jas. E. Taylor's "Settlers Attacked by Indians—The First Shot," is a very dramatic picture, and shows how powerful this artist is in the technicality of Indian form and life.

ADULTERATION OF TEA.

WE cannot be too thankful for the bliss of our own ignorance. If we knew exactly what we took into our stomachs, starvation would soon become a general virtue. Few imagine that the usual articles of food are pure; and some are quite positive that coffee is a mysterious compound of potatoes, roots, herbs, nuts and barks. Some, again—the social encyclopedias—while sipping a cup of strong tea, have a partial perception of a copperas flavoring. They may possibly acknowledge that the last pound is not so fresh as the previous one, and may, very likely, fail to open their eyes to the proper dimensions of earthly horror when it is hinted that the leaves they boiled had passed through similar service in many families and various countries. The Chinese and Japanese may indeed be heathens. Who knows?

From the result of a Parliamentary investigation in 1835 it appears that upwards of four million pounds of fictitious tea are on an average con-

monly made in England, and used to mix with that brought there from China. Within a few years this illicit practice, which had previously been carried on by stealth, was attempted to be legalized by taking out a patent for the preparation of British leaves as a substitute for tea, and an extensive manufactory established for this purpose.

Of all plants that have been used in substitution of an adulteration in true tea, none are so well adapted, chemically, as the sloe. If what are supposed to be tea-leaves are moistened and spread out, and then compared with the accompanying cuts, an idea may be formed of the scarcity of pure tea. Beginning with the serratures, it will be detected that those on the margin of the tea-leaf only take their rise from about a quarter to half an inch above its base, whilst in the leaf of the sloe they are continuous from base to apex. They vary in respect of their apices, which in the tea is more or less visibly emarginate, according to variety, a particular that renders it out of all correspondence, botanically speaking, to the apex of the sloe, which is acute.

The other difference of character is that of their venations. These when viewed will, in that of the tea, be noticed but to proceed from the midrib or central stem, to only within a short distance of the leaf's edge, in a recurvate manner. In the sloe they are, on the other hand, in direct contact with the margin. For other and further differences take the leaves themselves. A superficial examination will soon discover to the botanist a varying lamina, which in the case of tea will be found rather thick and somewhat coriaceous, in which the veins are immersed, while in that of the sloe it is comparatively thin and tender, with veins prominent. Continuing the examination further still, but microscopically, the stomata of the tea will be found to be reniform in shape; but in the sloe partaking of the more typical shape of semi-lunar form. These pores can be very easily observed, if a thin piece of the skin of either of the leaves be cut off, and placed on a glass with a very little water, under the microscope.

In a chemical sense the sloe is eminently fitted as a substitute; for, excepting that it does not possess the active principle of tea, theine, it can, in the proportions of all its other principles, be said to form a very near approximate. So to this, as well as its physiological structure, and especially of its general outline, may be attributed in a great measure, no doubt, the success with which its illicit use has been, and doubtless still is, carried on, if not, perhaps, in the now absolute employment of it as a substitute, still in the less detectable, though none the less positive, way of an adulterant.

Besides the sloe, there are leaves of other British plants which may here be mentioned, as having been used in substitution of, and to adulterate with, the true tea. Among others which could be named, are those of the strawberry, the sage and rosebay willow-herb.

THE DUKE AND THE DUCHESS.

THE recent marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh with the eldest daughter of the Czar of Russia created great social excitement not only in St. Petersburg, but also through the capitals of all Europe. The Duke was hardly thought to have sowed his wild oats, and it is said of him that during the marriage ceremony he was gruff in his manner. The Grand Duchess is a popular young lady, with fine qualities of person and mind. The marriage has its political significance, because the Duke stands second to the Prince of Wales in his right to the English throne. Yet when we remember that the Emperor of Austria did not scruple to attack his French son-in-law Bonaparte, and that the German Crown Prince's English wife has never dissipated rumors of a threatened Anglo-German war, we may view the marriage of these later royal youths as only a mating of the butterflies.

ALEX. D. HAMILTON, THE JERSEY CITY DEFAULTER.

ALEXANDER D. HAMILTON, the alleged defaulting City Treasurer of Jersey City, is a fast young man of the usual type. He fell violently in love with Winnetta Montague, and lavished the most costly presents on her, with money belonging to the City Treasury.

On Friday evening young Hamilton, who is a married man and the father of three children, left suddenly, as he said, to go to Trenton. The next heard of him was by a telegram, dated Boston, saying that he, Hamilton, had been called there on important business. Nothing has been heard of him since. Detectives are searching for him, and his portraits have been scattered broadcast over the land. Telegrams signed by Winnetta Montague have been received from various places, but they are generally believed to be bogus, as she could have no interest in informing the police of her whereabouts. She is said to be the woman for whom Walter Montgomery, the actor, committed suicide in London about two years ago. He had married her, and had only the day before his death learned her true character. Young Hamilton belongs to a wealthy, honorable and influential family in Jersey City, and his dereliction was more to be wondered at on that account, and also that all his bills were paid by his father-in-law, who, it is rumored, is, with his father, willing to make good to the city the deficiency in the accounts.

Hamilton has borne a rather bad character in the two institutions he was connected with in this city. In one he was suspected of collusion with a defaulting cashier, and from the other he was, along with his colleagues, discharged when an irregularity in the accounts was detected. Hamilton was appointed City Treasurer as a pliant tool of the Board of Finance, *vice* Dr. Hornblower, removed to make room for him. He was only appointed last June. Hamilton took his bail-bond of \$125,000 with him, but it is thought that, notwithstanding they deny that their signatures are on the bond, his bondsmen, Hamilton, Sr., his father, Mr. Clowes, his father-in-law, Mr. Gossill, Mr. Amess and Mr. Whyte can be held responsible. Some say that their names were forged, and that they knew nothing of the matter.

The defalcation was discovered through the anxiety of Mr. Clowes to be released from the bond on Monday. The Board then went to work and found that \$50,000 in bonds, and the bail-bond, were missing.

BOOK NOTICES.

ALL ROUND THE WORLD. A Pictorial Representation of all the Nations of the Old World, with over 800 Illustrations. THE UNITED STATES PUBLISHING COMPANY: New York.

The editors of "All Round the World" have, in one sense, fulfilled Ariel's promise to Prospero, to "put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes," for we are enabled, in the short space of a Winter's evening, to take in the salient traits of life and scenery from India to the Pole, and from the weird mistiness of Thule to the torrid intensity of the Kalbar region. One minute we are lounging on the Boulevard des Italiens, and purposely losing ourselves among the mazy shades of that trim and dainty Bois de Boulogne—the next, we find ourselves under a sultry noontide sky, dreamily listening to the silvery fall of the Moorish fountain in the Lion's Court of the Alhambra, or sauntering under the moonlit arches of the Colosseum, glimpses of "Maufred" and of "Harold" flashing athwart our recollection, while the massy grandeur of the old blood-stained pile reminds us of the prophecy: "While the Colosseum stands, Rome shall stand—when Rome falls, the world shall fall." Floating down the green Nile in the shadow of the eternal Pyramids—awestruck before the more than Arabian Nights' magnificence of Elora and Elephantia—now interviewing Theodoros, "King of Kings of Ethiopia," and lineal descendant of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba—now staking a "nap" on the roulette table at Homburg, or pacing the Atrium of the Pompeian Salust, immortalized by Lord Lytton's genius—we enjoy all the sweets of travel, while rejecting its disagreeables. We are made free of the royal halls of Sardanapalus, and behold the great king in all his barbaric splendor, with painted face and gold powdered hair and beard. We hunt the wolf in the land of the Czar, and disport ourselves in the crystal waves of Biarritz, among the *élite* of Parisian society. We are led from the Holy of Holies of Solomon's Temple on Mount Moriah to the Chapel of the Invalides, under whose dome repose the mighty ashes of Napoleon the Great.

The book opens with a beautifully executed chromolithograph, "The Flower-Girl at Marseilles." The pretty *bouquetière*, snugly ensconced in her gay and Oriental-looking kiosk, rising like a fairy from a mass of rare exotics, seems, like the fabled Siren of antiquity, half woman, half-flower. The stylishly attired lady and gentleman, with the coquettish little maid by their side, make up a picture at once graceful and effective.

This volume, which is bound with exquisite taste, in a style at once rich, substantial and chaste, is most profusely illustrated. The designs with which it is replete are, one and all, executed in the very best style.

The sketch on page 183, "The Fire of St. John in Alsatia," is designed with great force and spirit, and breathes the genial homeliness of that kind-hearted *Alsacien* race, German by blood, French by feeling, which recent events have brought before the eyes of the world.

There is something Miltonian in the terrific gloom and grandeur of the gorge of the "Via Mala," p. 255, which might well serve as an entrance to the realms of Hades.

In the "Kiosque of the Seraglio" (p. 21), we enter at once into the atmosphere of self-surrender to the decrees of Destiny—of voluptuous enjoyment for the present and torpid indifference to the future—of *Kief*, in short—which *le Oriental* is bliss supreme and unalloyed.

One is somewhat tempted to sympathize with the ill-used porches in the engraving on p. 197—"Gathering Truffles in France."

On page 159 we have "The Fanlango at Seville, after Dore," and we gaze with unminged wonder and delight on the lithe and supple forms of the beautiful dancing girls, whose earnest and passionate intensity of countenance—intensified almost to mournfulness—is in fine contrast with the gorgeous extravagance of costume, by which the woman is metamorphosed into something rather akin to a tropical bird or flower—a thing of gauze and glitter and "a joy for ever." What latent energy in their very repose and listlessness!

"A Slavonian Rayah" (p. 331) might well be taken for the Giaour, moodily pacing the cloisters of the old Greek convent, his mind intent on lost Lelia, while his brother-monks flee in fear and trembling from before his face. There is a largeness of conception and design, a massive breadth of execution, and an intensity of tone, which lend to this sketch something of the effect of an oil painting. There is something particularly fine in the treatment of the folds formed about the head by the cowl half thrown back.

"Sunrise on the Desert" (p. 453) suggests Byron's magnificent address to the Ocean, at the close of "Childe Harold." His lines are equally applicable to the waste of waters and to the no less trackless waste of sands. The little band slowly moves along the accustomed track. Perhaps they are merchants from Soudan—perhaps hadjees bound for the holy Gaba; but, no—their long spears glitter in the rays of the morning sun; they are children of the desert, lying in wait for the rich caravan that will shortly pass, laden with the gold dust and ivory of Nigritia.

The peculiarities of the "Heathen Chinese," the darkness of his ways, and the vanity of his tricks, are fully exemplified in their turns, and, noticeably as regards the mysteries attending the "cultivation" of a Chinese belle's foot, which mysteries are unrolled to our wondering eyes on pages 105 and 107. Surely, this at least is a fashion which the American ladies will not be tempted into following.

The letter-press of this charming book is all it should be. Concise, correct in its details, with none of the prolixities which sometimes renders books of travel so alarmingly stupefying as to make us regret the writer could not, like our late friend Alexander Dumas, sit at his fireside, and thence issue to an admiring world the thrilling narrative of his adventures by land and sea.

PEN PICTURES OF EUROPE. By ELIZABETH PEAKE. Philadelphia: J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co.

A very handsome illustrated volume of travels; consisting of a journal extending from April, 1871, to September, 1872, in which Miss Peake has recorded, in a very pleasant, readable style, the impressions made on her mind while visiting most of the objects of interest to Americans in England, Scotland, France, Switzerland, Italy and Germany. More than sixty engravings, on tinted paper, of scenes and localities attractive to tourists, are interspersed through the work. Altogether the book is one that must have great value for any one proposing a European tour; and for the general reader we know of nothing lately issued from the press that has equal attractions.

MR. E. STEIGER, of 22 Frankfurt Street, has published a handy Topographical Map of the Island of Cuba, by Schiedler. It is a fine and valuable piece of workmanship, and merits a purchase.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

FROM LEE & SHEPARD: "Home Nook; or, The Crown of Duty," by Amanda M. Douglas; "Mrs. Armstrong's Will; or, The Interior Sex," by D. Thew Dwyer; "Money Maker; or, The Victory of the Basilisk," by Oliver Optic; "A Stout Heart; or, The Student from over the Sea," by Elijah Kellogg; "Miss Thistle-down," by Sophie May; and "Stories of a Grandfather about American History," by N. S. Dodge.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

ENGLAND.—SUNDAY AFTERNOON IN LONDON. WAITING FOR PUBLIC-HOUSES TO OPEN.

It is a strange sight for an American returning from Sunday service in London to see a crowd of people about the drain shops, waiting for the doors to open at the hour of one. Many of them are of well to do

families—men, women and children—some waiting to fill their pots with beer, others craving for something stronger. Often a young girl is seen waiting with her jug in hand, while her sister goes to the bake-house for bread or pies. There are also a less respectable class of customers of both sexes, unaccustomed to places of worship, on whose hands the day hangs heavily. It will be seen in our illustration that some of the groups are mere children, too young to walk in the streets without an older companion.

SPAIN.—BATTLE AT CALLELA.

Our Spanish war picture represents a fight at Callela between the Government troops and the Carlists. It adds another horror to the catalogue of bloody barbarities so common to Spanish rule. War and slavery are almost synonymous with the words "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity," as defined in the Spanish dictionary.

NEGRO VISITORS ABOARD THE ENGLISH STEAMSHIP "VOLTA."

High life at Sierra Leone is illustrated in the sketch, of a party of fashionable ladies and gentlemen who visited the English mail steamer *Volta*, for a promenade on deck.

AFRICA.—NEGRO STRIKE AT SIERRA LEONE.

From our illustration it appears that the Pagan heathen of West Africa are not behind their Christian brethren north of the Equator in the art of striking for higher wages.

INDIA.—FAMINE IN BENGAL.—A BENGALIEE GRAIN-DEALER.

Owing to the failure of the rice and wheat crops in Bengal, a frightful famine is predicted, and the foreign Press are discussing measures of relief. Rice is the chief article of food in Lower Bengal, and in other districts along the coast where the land can be overflowed. In the upper provinces the inhabitants raise wheat, barley, maize, peas and other grains. They seldom taste animal food, although it is not entirely prohibited by the Hindoo religion. In case of drought and famine, these people of simple habits have nothing to fall back on, and having no crops, they starve. In such times the most rigid economy is observed. Our illustration represents a Bengalee grain merchant selling corn to the poor in the street-market.

FRANCE.—THE POPE'S ENVOY DELIVERING TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS THE CARDINAL'S INSIGNIA.

Two French prelates are included in the last batch of nominations of Cardinals made by the Pope. They are the Archbishops of Paris and Cambrai. Envoys of noble birth were selected to deliver to each Cardinal the insignia of his office. Our illustration represents the ceremony attendant on presentation of the Cardinal's hat to the Archbishop of Paris by the two nobles selected for the purpose—the Chevalier Calogiochi and Count Sardinol.

THE STEAM TRAM-CAR IN LONDON.

The steam tram-car shown in our illustration was recently tried in London, before daylight one morning, on the tramway between Victoria Station and Vauxhall Bridge. It was built like an ordinary English tram-car, except it had the American "Eggle" wheel, which enabled it to turn a sharp curve with as much ease as a cab. It weighed five tons and carried forty passengers. The speed allowed was that of a fast street-carriage, but it was claimed that it could travel forty miles an hour. The engine was inclosed in the centre of the car, and no smell nor smoke came from it. It was suggested that sham horses be used at first, to accustom the live ones to the sight of steam-cars on the streets.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MR. CHANFRAU is playing at Wood's Museum in Philadelphia.

MR. and MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS are playing in Philadelphia.

DION BODICCAULT is to write funny sketches of his trip to California.

"LED ASTRAY," at the Union Square Theatre, is drawing crowded houses in its eighth week.

It is said that Lydia Thompson will leave the American stage at the close of the present season.

MILLIE ANNEE is in Mexico. Her manager published a card saying that her performances were respectable.

MISS JENNIE VAN ZANT's singing in "Rigoletto," at Miss Kellogg's English opera, was highly spoken of.

MISS CUSHMAN's readings at Steinway Hall, in New York, are listened to by large and brilliant audiences.

MAX SMITH's daughter, Miss Kate Smith, has made a successful debut in Italy, under the name of *Catharina Marco*.

HERR WIENIAWSKI, Maurel and Theodore Thomas gave a joint entertainment at Steinway Hall, which in its way has never been surpassed in New York.

The Third Symphony Concerts, just given by Theodore Thomas, were brilliant, very classical, and the crowd was so great that many were unable to get seats.

MR. JOHN S. CLARKE and his family are passing the Winter on the Continent, and at last accounts were at Rome. Mr. Clarke is announced to reappear at his own London theatre in the Spring.

THE "Liederkrantz," recently produced in New York Max Brunch's new work, "Scenen aus der Irrfahrt des Odysseus" (Scenes from the wandering Ulysses,) which has only been heard in one or two cities of Germany.

THE new play "Follie," at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, is in a fair way to become popular. It is an English version of M. Sardou's "Maison Neuve," which assumes to satirize fashionable people and the follies of high life. The leading character of the piece performed at Mr. Daly's theatre is taken by Miss Dyas, and it is generally agreed that her acting displays unusual talent. She seems to have that rare gift which interprets the subtle and delicate intricacies of nature as if by instinct. "Without delicacy there can be no genius," a great writer has said. This is what Miss Dyas possesses in an eminent degree. Her acting not only shows an intuitive knowledge of dramatic principles, but she does her work intelligently, which is more than can be said of many who have a wider reputation in the theatrical world.

A THEATRICAL CONTRACT.—The London *Times* says that the "American Showman," Mr. P. T. Barnum, who is now in England, has just entered into a contract with the Messrs. Sanger, of Astley's Amphitheatre, for the purchase of the whole of the plant, wardrobe and paraphernalia connected with the pageant of the "Congress of Monarchs," exhibited at the Agricultural Hall four or five years since. The contract is as follows: "This agreement, made at the City of London, January 2d, 1874, between Messrs. John and George Sanger, of the said City of London, England, and P. T. Barnum, of New York, United States of America, witnesseth, that for the sum of £35,000 sterling, the said Messrs. J. and G. Sanger agree to complete and deliver to the said P. T. Barnum duplicates of all the chariots, costumes, trappings, flags, banners and other paraphernalia used by the said Messrs. J. and G. Sanger in the production of the great pageant representing the Congress of Monarchs."



Dispatch.

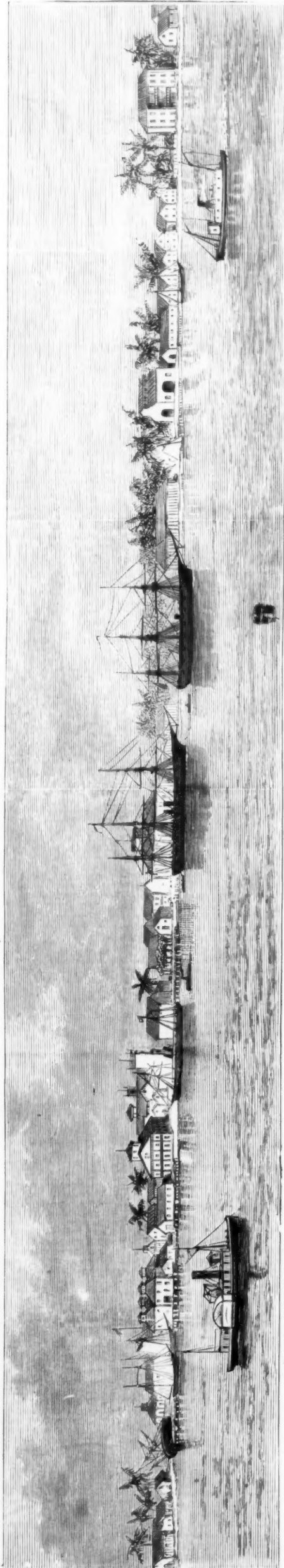
Worcester.

Pawnee.

Manhattan.

Mahopae.

Saugus.



Revenue Cutter Northern.

Naval Depot.

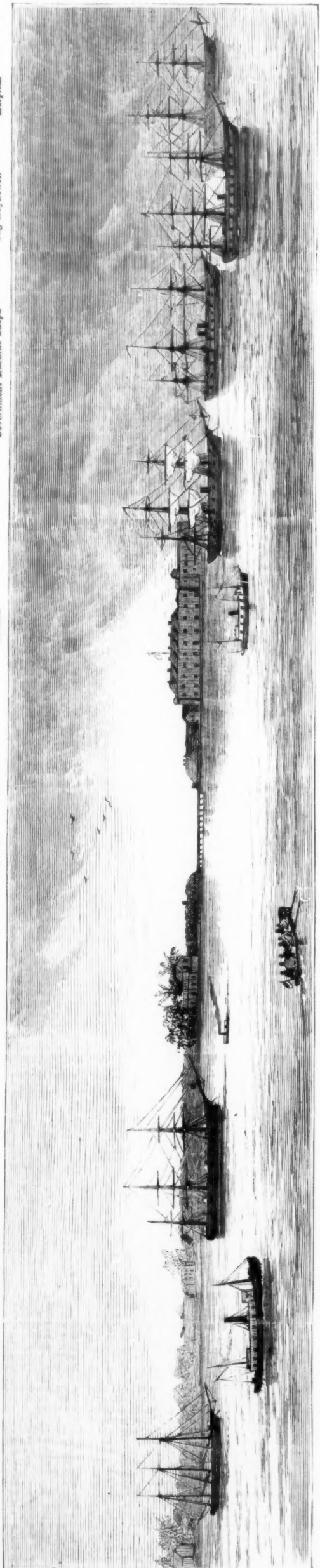
Alaska.

Kansas.

Government Machine Shops.

Tug Mayflower.

Hospital.



Battery.

Wachusett.

South Battery.

Fort Taylor.

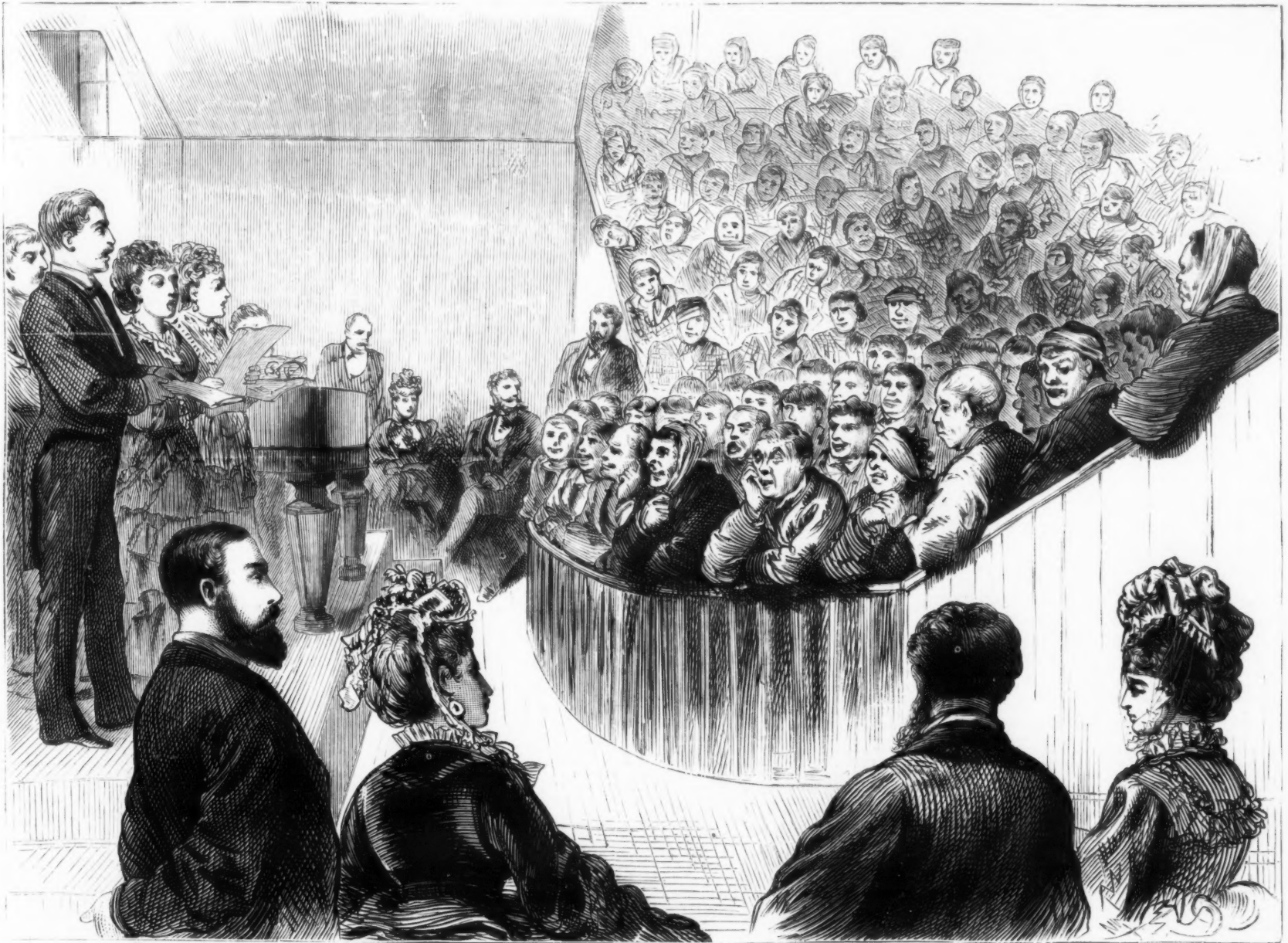
Colorado.

Franklin.

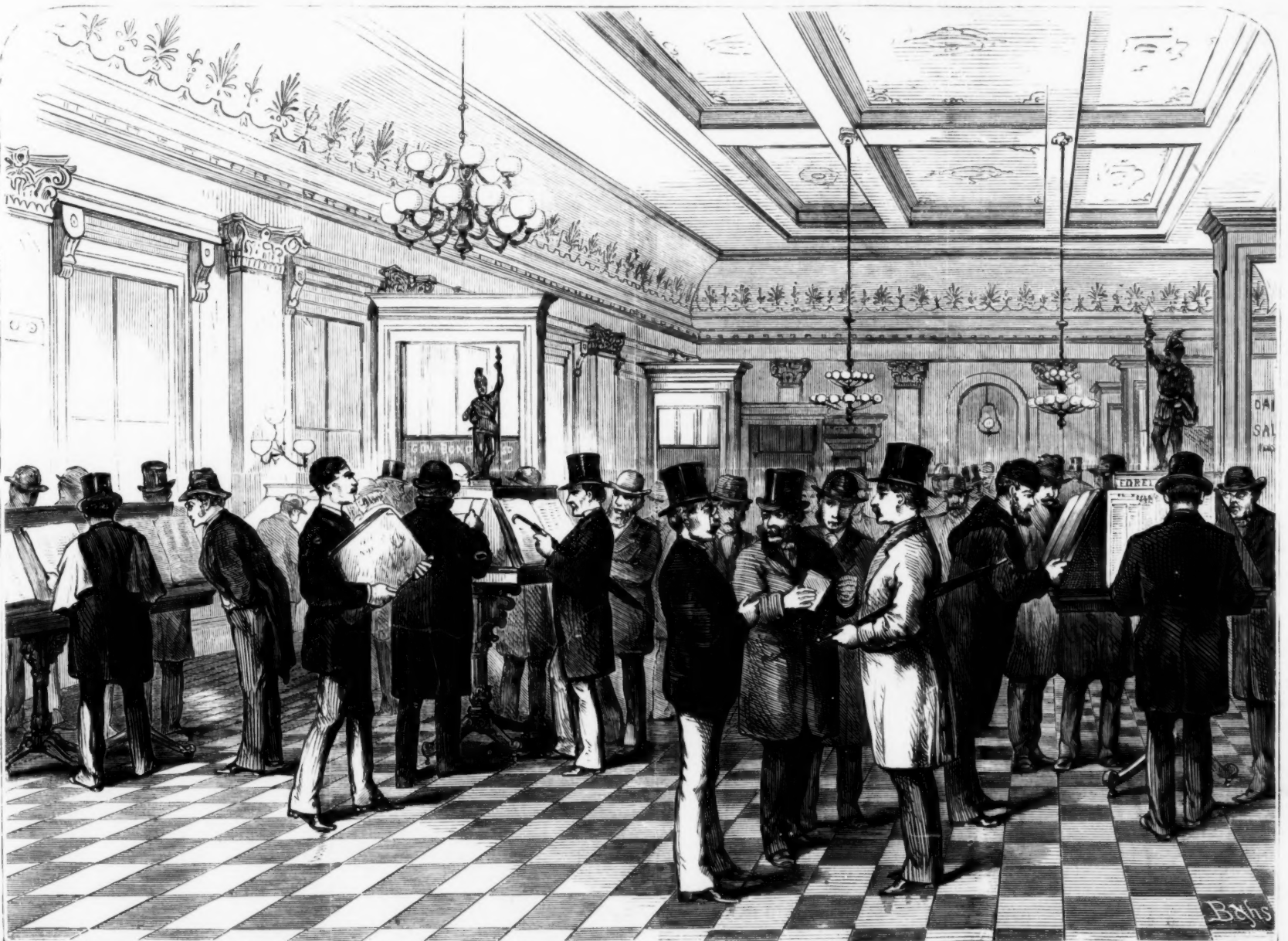
Flagship Wabash.

Congress.

THE AMERICAN NAVY.—RENDEZVOUS OF WAR VESSELS IN THE HARBOR AND NEAR THE CITY OF KEY WEST, FLORIDA.—SKETCHED BY CHARLES W. TIFT.—SEE PAGE 379.



NEW YORK CITY.—BLACKWELL'S ISLAND—WEEKLY MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT IN THE CHARITY HOSPITAL.—SEE PAGE 379.



BOSTON, MASS.—OPENING OF THE NEW MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE ON WALTHAM STREET—SCENE IN THE READING-ROOM.—SKETCHED BY E. R. MORSE.—SEE PAGE 379.

THE OWL.

THERE dwelt by my chamber window
An owl among ivy leaves,
He spoilt with his dismal music
The sweetest of Summer eves.

The other birds were silent
At the nightingale's twilight tune;
But the owl awakened, crying
And rolling his eyes at the moon.

"Curst be the owl!" I muttered,
Nursing my wrath for long,
He breaks my slumber nightly,
And drowns the nightingale's song!"

It was my trusty huntsman
Went out at night with his gun,
And shot the owl at my window,
Just as his song begun.

It was my trusty huntsman,
Hung the owl on a forest tree,
To frighten away from window
All neighbors as hoarse as he.

But now the Summer is over
And the stork has winged away,
Gone are the many voices
That rendered the greenwood gay.

Among the leafless branches
Low winds of the Autumn creep,
They weary me many a gloaming,
And trouble my thoughts from sleep.

I think of the old owl often,
When the nights are lonely and long,
And I wish the owl were living,
And let me list to his song.

DEATH IN LIFE;

OR,

THE FUTURE OF A FORGERY.

CHAPTER XXII.—LOVE AND BUSINESS.

THESE were the few words that Charles Henshaw wrote on the card which he handed to Nellie Whipple, after he had been requested to discontinue his calls:

"Watch the *Herald* personals."
Those *Herald* personals have often been of great advantage, to people whose intentions were good, as well as to those who meant harm. In this instance they were used to bring together two hearts that naturally belonged to each other, and to frustrate a plan that deserved to be frustrated.

Charles Henshaw, acting the part of a sensible man, made a confidant of his sister, laid before her all the circumstances connected with his acquaintance with Nellie Whipple, and asked her advice. Julia, woman-like, was always ready to give advice and sympathy in an affair of the heart. She advised her brother to do what he had already determined upon—to marry the girl as soon as possible, if he could gain her consent to a marriage, and told him what steps he ought to take to secure her consent.

The result was that a time and place of meeting were appointed by Charles, through the medium of the friendly newspaper, and that Nellie met him as he had requested.

They walked aside from the crowded thoroughfare into a quiet street, where they could converse more leisurely, and with less restraint, and Charles told in plain terms the story of his passion, which had before been merely hinted at, although well understood between them. Nellie spoke with equal plainness, assuring him that she loved him, that she could never love any but him, and that nothing but his own will should separate her from him.

"My mother has told me," she continued, "that she had given you notice to discontinue your visits to her house. Do you know why she did so?"

"I suppose that Reginald Chetlain has had something to do with it."

"Just so. She wishes me to marry him. Indeed, she has said that she intends that I shall marry him. I don't mind telling you that I had no particular objection to him before I met you, although I never felt anything like love for him. Still, I might not have refused to marry him if mother had insisted upon it that I should do so. I might have thought it my duty to marry him. But I met you, and now my duty must follow my love, and there can be no question about it at all."

Henshaw pressed the hand that rested on his arm, to show his full appreciation and approbation of this sentiment.

"Are you not afraid that she may persuade you to marry him?" he asked.

"I am not so easily persuaded."

"Perhaps she will not be willing to consult your inclinations, and may try to compel you to consent to the marriage."

"I think that she has already been giving me a hint to that effect, and it was for that reason, with another, that I was so willing to come and meet you and tell you about it. But she is not yet entirely acquainted with me. Why, I am a pyramid."

"You, a pyramid! I wouldn't have thought it, Nellie."

"You might not suppose it, Charley; but I am a Mount Washington. I know scarcely anything about the world; have been but little among people, and have not learned much of what I ought to know; but I assure you I am a perfect miracle of obstinacy. When my mind is made up, and my obstinate faculties are all in order, I can no more be moved than Mount Washington or a pyramid could be, and I have made up my mind fully that I love you, and will marry no one but you."

Another pressure of the hand assured her of Henshaw's approval of this resolution.

"A pyramid may be removed, stone by stone," he said, "and even Mount Washington might crumble away. I am afraid that such an inexperienced young lady as you are would find it a very hard task to resist the efforts of people who have a powerful motive for bending her will. I don't like to say anything against your mother, Nellie; but it is necessary that I should speak plainly, and there should be no concealments between us now. I am afraid that her motive in wishing you to marry Chetlain is not only a very powerful one, but a bad one."

"You almost frighten me. What can it be?"

"I believe that they want to get possession of your property."

"My property! What do you mean? I have no property."

"Have they never told you anything about it?"

"Not a word."

"That confirms me in my belief that she wants to marry you to Chetlain and divide your property with him. That is a hard thing to say; but she must have such a motive, or she would not have kept you in ignorance of the facts. I must tell you a long story, Nellie, so that you may understand what sort of a complication you are in."

Henshaw then gave his companion a complete history of the Whipple family, as far as he knew it, telling her of the death of Maurice Whipple, his will, and the accident by which Clement Whipple lost his life. He proceeded to tell her the particulars of the search for her that had been conducted by himself and Matthew Phillips, and ended by stating his opinion of the plot that had been formed by her mother and Chip Chetlain.

Nellie listened in wonder, and pressed closer to her lover's side while he related the strange story, as if she felt that she needed his help and protection.

"This is all news to me," she said, "and it is very strange and startling news. I must confess to you that I have never known who my father was, and this fact has made me shrink from society. There was a painful doubt and fear in my mind, which prompted me to keep myself in the background. I intended to tell you of this; but it was a hard thing to do."

"Is it possible that your mother has kept your father's name concealed from you all this time?"

"She has told Doctor Blister that I am her adopted child, and that is what I have always been led to believe. I must have been very young when I was taken from my father, as I have no remembrance of him."

"An adopted child! That is too bad! And you have been suffering in a false position all this time! I don't want to prejudice you against your mother, Nellie; but you can't help feeling that her conduct has been selfish and unnatural, and it is my opinion that a woman who would act as she has acted would be capable of going to still greater lengths, that she would shrink from nothing that she thought necessary to carry out her plans. It was enough to take you away from your father, without disowning you."

"But she is my mother. She has taken care of me all my life."

"She is your mother; but she has denied you. She has taken care of you; but the little that she has done for you is a small matter, compared with what she has deprived you of. Your father was a wealthy and highly respectable man. He would have loved you, and would have surrounded you with friends, and luxuries, and all advantages. All this you have lost, and you have not even had a mother's love to pay for it. Maurice Whipple knew his wife's nature, and meant to guard against it. When he gave you half his property by his will, he left a provision that you should be found and removed from the control of your mother. This question of property is a delicate one for me to touch upon, Nellie; but I must speak about it plainly, as it is the one question that interferes between you and me. I may as well tell you that I don't want your property, and that your mother is welcome to it, so far as I am concerned."

"But I do want it," earnestly replied Nellie, "and you must want it, too. If I am entitled to my property, I'm not willing to lose it. Do you suppose that I would want to come to you with nothing, if I could help myself? If you don't feel that you ought to have everything that belongs to me, I shall be afraid that you don't really love me."

Charley made an affectionate demonstration, which was intended to convince her that he did love her, and which apparently had that effect.

"It is you that I must have," he said, "and I don't want any question of the property to keep us apart. But I am just coming to the point, and you must give me your close attention now. Your mother knows of the property that you are entitled to, and she surely has some design upon it, or she would not have kept the matter a secret from you. If you should marry, and be removed from her control in that way, I suppose that you would then be entitled to claim your property, and it is reasonable to suspect that she would be anxious to secure for you a husband who would aid her in her plans. I may say for myself that she has no reason to believe that I am that sort of a person. It is right that you should be informed, also, that under the laws of this State the property of a married woman belongs to herself, and that her husband has no right to touch it. As for Chetlain—perhaps I ought not to say anything against a man who may be considered my rival; but the fact is that he is a gambler by profession, and that you know, is hardly respectable. Such a man would be willing to make a bargain with your mother, if her motive is such as I have supposed it to be."

"But, Charley, just suppose for a moment that I should be persuaded to marry him, how could he take my property, when the law will not allow him to touch it?"

"I am glad to see that you are getting a business woman already, Nellie; but your question is easily answered. You might give it to him, and then he could use it as he pleased; but that is not the only chance he would have. As your mother has not said a word to you about the property, it is to be supposed that she meant to keep you in ignorance of your rights, and they would get authority from you, under some pretext, to take possession of your money, or whatever shape your property may be in. If they should once get it into their power, I don't think you would be able to make them loose their hold."

"I have no doubt that you are right, Charley. It is a bad state of affairs, and you must tell me what to do."

"I had to bring up this question of property, Nellie, and I had to speak of it in a business manner, because it was necessary that you should understand what a strong motive your mother may have for trying to marry you to Chetlain. As I have said, I believe that she would shrink from nothing that was needed to carry out her plans. She can find many ways to persuade and press you, and it is probable that you will be obliged to suffer a great deal of trouble and pain, unless—"

"Unless what, Charley?"

"She pressed closer to him, and this gave him strength to say what was in his heart."

"Unless you marry me, Nellie, and settle the matter at once."

A thrill went through her frame, the weight upon his arm pressed more heavily, and he knew that her heart was throbbing quickly.

"So soon? she whispered, in tones that were hushed by her emotion. "Charley, I am in a dream, and nothing seems real to me just now. I believe in you, and I trust in you. Is it right? Is it best?"

"As God will judge me, my darling, I will ask you to do nothing that I do not believe to be entirely right and for the best. I have not been content to act upon my own thoughts and wishes. I have asked the advice of my mother and sister, who already love you, and who all know that I know, and they have counseled me to say what I have said."

"How could this be done?" she asked, as she looked up in his face, and saw nothing there but love and truth.

"You can meet me to-morrow, as you have met me to-day, and we can go to my mother's house, where a minister will be ready to make us one. When you are my wife, there can be no danger that you will marry your mother's friend Chetlain."

"And then can I go home?"

"You may, if you wish to; and my sister thinks it would be best for you to do so, and to remain there a while. Then, if your mother presses you to marry Chetlain, you will have a good reason for refusing. If she presses you to extremities, you can show your marriage certificate, and it is likely that that will put an end to her efforts."

It was a momentous subject for decision, and the paleness of Nellie's face showed that she felt its importance; but a few moments' thought was sufficient for her, and she gave her answer freely, without any doubt or affectation.

"I'll leave it all with you," she said, as she slid her hand forward to meet his. "I love you with my whole heart and soul, Charley, and have fully determined that I will marry no one but you. I believe you and trust in you completely, and as you deal by me, so God will judge you."

"I feel sure that I am advising you for the best, and I know that my heart is right. Meet me at the same place and time to-morrow afternoon, and we will settle one question in a way that nothing can change it."

They walked on together, until Nellie entered a car that would take her in the direction of her home; and she could hardly realize that she was herself as she rode away from her lover, so great a change had come over her life within a few hours.

She was no longer an adopted child, poor, loveless, almost nameless, afraid to ask who her parents had been. She was now the heiress of a wealthy merchant, entitled to bear an honored name, possessing the love of a man who was worth loving, and, more than all, was soon to be married!

This was all so wonderful and so astonishing, that it kept her head in a whirl all the while she was in the car; and it was not until she got out, to walk a few blocks before reaching home, that she realized the fact that she must keep all this a secret, so that no one should suspect the change that had come into her life. Then she straightened herself up, and cleared the whirl out of her head; and there was nothing in her manner, when she reached home, to show that anything unusual had occurred to her.

CHAPTER XXIII.—ONE GAME BLOCKED.

ALTHOUGH Nellie Whipple preserved an appearance of calmness, and gave no one about the house any reason to suspect that a great crisis in her life had arrived, she could not help being anxious and excited, and it was with difficulty that she was able to conceal her agitation. She found it necessary to shut herself up in her room as much as possible, so that she might have a chance to give way to the new and overpowering emotions that had taken possession of her.

Her great fear was that Reginald Chetlain would come to the house before she could leave it on the errand that was to decide her fate; that he would make a formal offer of marriage; that his offer would be approved and pressed upon her by her mother; and that they two, between them, would so work upon her already excited feelings that her purpose would be prematurely disclosed and prevented. She could only shut out such fears by fixing her thoughts upon Charley Henshaw, her love for him, and the happiness that would be hers when she should become his wife.

The next day came, and the eventful hour arrived. She dressed herself in her usual walking attire, and had but one fear—that she might meet her mother before leaving the house. She nerved herself for such an encounter; and it was well that she did so, as her mother happened to be in the hall when she came down-stairs.

"Where are you going, Nellie?" asked Mrs. Blister.

"To Broadway, to match some ribbons, and do a little general shopping," she answered, with more coolness than she would have supposed herself capable of.

"You are getting quite active and energetic. Only yesterday you were out all the afternoon."

"And I expect to be out all this afternoon, too. No harm in that, I hope, as I come back safe."

"None at all; but I wish you to be home early this evening, as I expect company."

Mrs. Blister closed the door behind her daughter, and Nellie grasped the rail for a moment, before she could gather strength to descend the steps. The words that had been spoken were few and unimportant, but the interview had unnerved and exhausted her. She was but a child in heart, and the revelation that she had received was so new and wonderful! She was about to take a step, the importance of which she fully appreciated, and she was alone there, with no one to lean upon, no one to sympathize with her. She was losing her hold upon one world, and had not yet tightened her grasp upon another. When she was released from that brief interview with her mother, there was a choking sensation in her throat, and the houses across the way floated in a mist before her eyes.

When she had walked a couple of blocks, her senses had all come to her, and she felt able to look the future fairly in the face. She had crossed the Rubicon, and she sent her thoughts straight ahead of her, fixing every one of them upon Charles Henshaw.

She found him at the appointed place, and the sight of his bright smile and the sound of his loving words filled her with gladness and hope. She was strong again, and the fears that had oppressed her were "in the deep bosom of the ocean buried."

As they walked towards Mrs. Henshaw's residence, she told him of her trouble and her joy; of her fears and her hopes; and of the last trial, by which she had been nearly prostrated. He consoled and cheered her, by pointing out a future full of happiness, although he could not promise that the path by which she was to reach it should be as easy as he could wish it to be.

When he rang the bell at the door of his mother's house, Nellie was again oppressed by a feeling of suffocation and faintness. The old life seemed to have faded far away behind her, and here she stood upon the threshold of the new and unknown. She could not have mustered strength and courage sufficient to open the door; but here were a willing hand and a strong arm to open it for her, and that thought raised and comforted her.

She only knew that she entered the house, and that strong arm was led into a parlor, supported by that strong arm. There were figures moving about her, vague and indistinct; but she had only a fleeting glimpse of them, and then she saw nothing, heard nothing, felt nothing.

When her eyes opened the joy-light came in them at once as she saw Charley Henshaw bending over her.

"Poor child," said a sweet and rich voice. "She has found it too hard a task to come here."

Then Nellie's eyes opened wider, and she saw a beautiful creature, with loving eyes, who took Charley's place at her side, and who gently raised her head and spoke to her kindly.

When she was completely revived, and found herself in a pleasant room, surrounded by pleasant faces, there was Charley, eager to point out to her his mother and sister, as if proud to show them to her, and proud to show her to them. She greeted them as well as she could, with the greeting of the

heart rather than of the lips, and inwardly hoped that they were as well satisfied with her as she felt herself to be with them.

She saw a queenly girl, whose face was as pure as the petal of the lily, and whose eyes reflected no rays but those of truth and love. She saw an elderly lady, whose expression was full of matronly tenderness, and whose air was that of high breeding and perfect ladyhood. She saw Matthew Phillips, a quiet, gentlemanly man, by whom she had already been favorably impressed. And she saw Charley. Surely these ought to convince her that she had chosen the right course, and to be able to uphold her in it.

"Are you better now, dear?" soothingly asked Julia. "And this is Nellie, of whom I have heard so much—Charley's Nellie—my sister that is soon to be. Oh, I can't tell you how glad I am that your name isn't Blister!"

Nellie blushed, as that name recalled to her the realities of her life.

"Am I right?" she entreated, seizing Julia by both hands and gazing fairly into her eyes. "Am I doing right? I have had such a hard struggle. You can't know."

"But I can guess, my dear child. Of course it is right, and it will be all for the best, though it may be a little hard at first. We know all about it—mother and I do—and we believe that you have done right. And Mr. Phillips says so, and the minister will tell you so. There, don't look at me in that frightened way any more. I have no doubt that Charley has talked as seriously as an old owl, and has nearly scared your life out; but he is a bear, as all men are, and I am only surprised at his showing such excellent taste in choosing a wife."

A pleasant conversation ensued, in a strain that was intended to cheer the bride-expectant, to reassure her, and to strengthen her against such trials as she might yet be compelled to encounter. For her part, she was almost ready to believe that she had stepped into fairyland. This was the new world upon which she had entered, and it was enchanted ground to her feet. She had never seen any place that so fully answered to her idea of what home ought to be, or any people whom she would be more unwilling to leave.

Then the minister came in, and added his encouraging voice to the others, and soon Nellie found herself standing before him, blushing and trembling, leaning on the arm of Charley Henshaw, flanked by Matthew Phillips and Julia Henshaw, while Charley's mother smiled approvingly upon them all. The old lady had contented herself, as usual, with sanctioning whatever Charley and Julia, in their joint wisdom, had determined upon, and found her happiness in assisting to execute their decrees.

Nellie made the responses timidly and faintly at first, but gave them voice as she gained confidence. She looked at Matthew Phillips, and his glance seemed to give her strength and courage. The words were spoken that joined those two while their lives should last, the benediction was pronounced, and then Nellie found herself kissed and petted and made much of, in a manner that was not only new to her but very delightful.

Then they all seated themselves in a pleasant home circle, that seemed to Nellie as if she had always formed a part of it, and talked of the past, the present and the future. The clear and incisive tones of Julia Henshaw, the cheery and loving voice of Charley and the solid and sensible words of Matthew Phillips appeared to cut the knots of Nellie's difficulties, to smooth the path she must travel, and to give her strength and encouragement to meet the troubles that might still be before her.

Time flew so swiftly and pleasantly that Nellie felt a sharp pang when she remembered that she must return to East Broadway, and that her mother expected her to be back early. It was like wrenching her heart out to tear herself away from that place; but this was the first of the series of trials which she must endure, and she tried to steel herself to it.

Charley made an attempt at rebellion, which was speedily subdued, as it was the opinion of all that his "wife" had better return to her mother's house and remain there until the complication should assume some definite shape. He accompanied her to a street-car, and on the way a mode of communication was settled upon between them.

While Nellie was making her way homeward, full of the wonder, the dignity, the responsibility and the peril of her new position as a married woman, a convention of two was being held at the Blister mansion, with the object of turning her life into a different channel from that which she had worked out for herself.

Chip Chetlain was the company that Mrs. Blister expected, and he came considerably earlier than she had looked for him, of which fact she did not fail to remind him.

"I like punctuality," she said, "but people who come too soon are as unpunctual as those who come too late. Nellie has gone out shopping, and it may be an hour or so before she returns. But there is no harm done, and we will have plenty of time to talk matters over. I want to know who was that young man who came here with you, night before last."

"All Adams, a friend of mine."

"He may not be a friend of mine. Do you know him? Who is he?"

"He is a late acquaintance, I admit; but I like him, and I can't think that there was anything out of the way in bringing him here. He is a Boston man, rich, and fond of a social game. I think I will have some of his feathers before I am through with him. As he was lonely, and had no friends in the city, I brought him here."

"Perhaps I am too suspicious; but I have cause to be careful. I am sure there are people who are trying to find Nellie and get her away from me. There was a man named Phillips here with Henshaw, when he last came, who set my nerves all on edge. I received a letter, a while ago, from my lawyer in Charleston, telling me that a man had been at his office inquiring for my address, and the description reminded me of that Phillips. You say that your friend Adams is a Boston man? That Boston lawyer was anxious to learn my address, you know, and he may have put a man on your track. Had you thought of that?"

"I must confess that I had not; but I think you are entirely too suspicious. What harm could anybody do now?"

"A great deal, possibly. Until you are married to Nellie, and we have that property in our hands, we have everything to fear, and must use the greatest caution in all we do."

"The way seems to be clear now. I have a letter from the Boston lawyer, and that is what brought me here so early this evening."

"What does he say?"

"It is all right. He says that if Miss Whipple marries, and removes from her mother's house, he will consider it his duty, upon a proper demand, to make over her property to her. He says that he would be glad to correspond with the young lady and her intended husband; but that is a matter with which we have nothing to do."

"Of course. He has only to attend to his own business, and pay over the money. She shall make the demand as soon as you are married, and you

will receive the money. Half of it you will transfer to me, and the other half you will use as you please."

"That half I shall settle upon Nellie. It is not the money that I want, but herself; for I assure you, Mrs. Blister, that I love her dearly. I am only anxious, for her sake, to get into some respectable business; and she may help me to do that if she will."

"Your ambition is a laudable one. For my part, I want money for my son; and I must have it. I shall take no more than ought justly to be mine. The way seems to be clear now, and we must go right and lose no time."

"The way is clear, I believe, if Nellie will only marry me."

"You must ask her—that is the first move. If she should refuse, I will talk to her, and I have no doubt that I will find a way to persuade her."

CHAPTER XXIV.—BROUGHT TO BAY.

ON her return to East Broadway, in the character of a bride, Nellie Henshaw was met by her mother, and was compelled to undergo the ordeal of trying to look as if she had not been married; although she feared that every word and action must betray her secret.

"I told you that I was expecting company," said Mrs. Blister. "Mr. Chetlain is here, and he wants to see you. I wish you to dress and come down as soon as possible."

Nellie's face blanched, and she merely bowed, and hastened up-stairs.

She was glad of this notification, as she could not fail to guess the purpose for which Chetlain wished to see her, and a chance was given her to prepare for the interview. As a wife, she felt she could now refuse him easily enough; and it was impossible that they should force her to marry him, whatever they might do, while she was married to another. She was cool and collected when she went down-stairs, and carried herself with an air of dignity and independence that was quite new to her.

As she had anticipated, Chetlain was there for the purpose of making her an offer of marriage; and he did it in very good style, with more feeling than she had supposed he would manifest. When she mildly, but firmly, refused him, he pleaded his cause with so much eloquence and ardor, and seemed so cast down by the prospect of failure, that she felt inclined to pity him; but she knew that she could abate nothing of the firmness of her refusal.

Then her suitor began to show some signs of temper, and to allow the cloven foot of coercion to peep out from beneath his mantle of affectionate entreaty.

"You seemed to have a preference for me," he said, "until Charles Henshaw began to come here."

Nellie could not help blushing at that name, and Chetlain was sure that he knew the nature of the stumbling-block in his path.

She said that she had no knowledge of having shown any such preference, and was quite sure that she had not felt any. She hoped that he would not be angry, and that he would remain her friend; but it was quite out of the question that she should marry him.

"There is some one else whom you love," he persisted. "It is Henshaw, say that it is, and I am off the track."

Nellie protested that he had no right to compel or request her to make any such declaration, but finally admitted that Charles Henshaw was her chosen lover.

"It is a bad choice for you," said Chetlain. "Your mother is bitterly opposed to him, and wishes you to marry me. I give you fair warning that she will not consent to such a match, and it will not be well for you to set your will against hers."

"When you so far forget yourself as to threaten me with the anger of my mother, it is time that this interview should cease," said Nellie.

She rose from her seat, and haughtily swept out of the room.

Mrs. Blister was near at hand, and she knew, from the manner in which Nellie left the room, that the negotiation had not terminated pleasantly. She hastened into the parlor, and asked Chetlain what had happened.

"She has refused me," he replied. "That is no more than I had expected. I want to know the style of the refusal, and her reasons, if she gave any."

"She positively refused to marry me, said that it was quite out of the question, and admitted that she loved Charles Henshaw."

"If that is all, I think I can persuade her to talk differently. I will teach her that it is useless to try to rebel against my authority."

"I mentioned your wishes to her, and she left the room in a huff."

"Perhaps you were too hasty; but there is no harm done, I hope. I must have an understanding with her at once. Remain here, Mr. Chetlain, and I will report to you shortly."

Nellie had expected that a visitation from her mother would follow her rejection of Chetlain, and had prepared herself against it as well as she could. The hardest part of the struggle was to come; but she had her marriage certificate in her bosom, and she believed it to be a talisman of wonderful efficacy.

As Mrs. Blister took a seat, her face was hard and stern, indicative of uncompromising determination.

"Mr. Chetlain tells me that he has proposed to you, and that you have refused him," she said. Nellie bowed.

"What is your reason for refusing him?"

"I do not love him, and cannot marry him."

"And you do love Charles Henshaw," Chetlain says that you have confessed that much."

"I don't know that there is any crime in it, that you speak of a confession."

"I would be very injudicious, indeed, if I should allow myself to be influenced in this matter by your silly notions of love. I wish you to marry Mr. Chetlain, and intend that you shall marry him."

"Do you suppose that I am to have no will of my own?"

"I suppose that your will is not to be allowed to come in conflict with mine. If you put yourself in opposition to me, one of us must yield, and I am not the one who will yield. You have no good reason for refusing to marry Mr. Chetlain."

"He is a gambler," suggested Nellie, thinking that she ought to have a reason.

"If he does play cards, it is in an honorable way. He is a gentleman, and he has money. A gentlemanly gambler is as good as a pettifogger. At all events, Mrs. Chetlain is as respectable as you are."

"I am not sure of that; I know that I have been kept in a false position for a long time; but I am in it no longer."

"What do you mean by that strange statement?"

"You have given me and others to understand that I am not your daughter, but an adopted child. You have carefully concealed the names of my

parents, leaving it be inferred that I am the child of people who had better not be mentioned."

Mrs. Blister was fairly wonderstruck. There was an air about Nellie that was entirely new to her, indicative of independence, pride of position, conscious strength. Her mother wondered what had come over her, and if she had not learned something that had been carefully concealed from her.

"Why do you say that that was a false position?" she asked.

"Because I now know that those representations were not true, and that I was kept in ignorance of my real position. I know that I am actually your own child, and that I am also the daughter of an eminent and wealthy merchant, who is now dead. I don't pretend to say that I know what your motive was in keeping me in such a false position; but I can't help feeling that you have acted with great cruelty."

This was indeed a revelation for Mrs. Blister; but she was hardly staggered by it. For a long time she had apprehended the possibility of just such a revelation, and had been prepared with her excuse. She assumed an air of injured innocence, and heaved a sigh that seemed to come from the depths of a troubled heart.

"It was in mercy to you, as well as to myself, that you were kept in ignorance of those facts," she replied. "It can hardly increase your happiness to know that you were the child of an ill-assorted union, and it would lacerate my heart too severely to repeat the sad story of my troubles, which I would still gladly keep concealed from you. I can only say, at present, that your father treated me so badly that he rendered my life miserable, and I was compelled to seek a divorce from him, which was granted upon a proper showing of his cruelty."

"If his cruelty was so great, I should think that it might have been more easily proved in Boston, where he was well known, than out in Indiana, where divorces are granted for no cause whatever."

Mrs. Blister felt her ground sinking from under her. Nellie seemed to have suddenly changed from a simple child to a sensible woman, and her mother felt that it was important to ascertain the extent of her discoveries.

"Some one has been poisoning your mind against me," she said. "What more have you been told?"

"I know that my father sought for me after you had deserted him, and that he was continuing his search while you were secretly applying for a divorce in Indiana. I also know that he left me, by his will, half of his property, and that you have long been aware of that fact. Was it in mercy to me that I was kept in ignorance of my rights, as well as my name and true position?"

(To be continued.)

UNITED STATES NAVAL RENDEZVOUS, KEY WEST, FLA.

IT is doubtful if ever in the history of the United States there have been gathered at one point so many vessels-of-war as are now riding at anchor in the harbor of Key West. When it became evident that the difficulties between the United States and Spain, growing out of the *Virginia* outrage, were in a fair way of settlement without recourse to the guns and torpedoes of our navy, it was decided to take advantage of the accumulation of war-ships at the Florida rendezvous, and have a general drill and inspection before the vessels returned and went out of commission. The present month, accordingly, will be one of great importance in our naval history. The manœuvres, it is expected, will be inaugurated about the 10th of February, and continue throughout the month. Already preliminary exercises have been held, more for the purpose of drilling the raw sailors that were taken in the haste of recruiting, when the times appeared foreboding of fight, than to determine the efficiency of our tars.

The following ships-of-war are now at Key West, or on their way there: *Colorado*, 45 guns; *Franklin*, 39; *Wabash*, 45; *Lancaster*, 22; *Brooklyn*, 20; *Congress*, 16; *Worcester*, 15; *Parthian*, 17; *Alaska*, 12; *Ticonderoga*, 11; *Canandaigua*, 10; *Shenandoah*, 11; *Juniata*, 8; *Ossipee*, 8; *Wachusett*, 6; *Wyoming*, 6; *Nipsic*, 3; *Shannon*, 3. Ironclads—*Mahopac*, 2; *Ajag*, 2; *Dictator*, 2; *Manhattan*, 2; *Saugus*, 2. Dispatch-tug *Pinta*; Tug *Mayflower*; Dispatch-vessel *Frolic*.

The manœuvres will consist of fleet-sailing, boat-exercises, gun-practice, boarding and resisting boarders, torpedo experiments, and regimental drill of crew on shore.

Our engravings give a panoramic view of the city and harbor of Key West, with the prominent buildings and vessels. This was the only harbor in the South in possession of the Union forces in the early part of the rebellion, and is admirably adapted for the rendezvous and drill of a large squadron.

Fort Taylor, which is located on the southwestern extremity of the island and commands the harbor, has 160 guns mounted and dismounted, and could soon be placed on a war basis. Supplies of all kinds may be readily and expeditiously brought from Galveston, Mobile, Savannah and New Orleans, and vegetables and fruits, if nothing else, may be brought with dispatch from the Florida mainland.

The town of Key West is larger and more prosperous than one would suppose from reading gazetteers and geographies. For years its growth was slow. Settled in 1822, in 1850 its population did not exceed 2,822; nor was it much larger in 1860. For a long period its inhabitants derived subsistence from salvages and other perquisites of the wrecking business and also drove a tolerable trade in sponges. But with the lighting up of the Florida coast and the scattering of beacons along the reefs, the wrecking business happily declined; and following the troubles in Cuba, there came a tide of immigration which gave Key West a new population, and led to the establishment of new industrial and commercial interests. Now the Cuban refugees constitute a very large proportion, if not a majority, of the inhabitants. Most of them are the victims of political persecution, or left their native isle through fear of it, while others came to join friends or were tempted to emigration by higher wages than they received in Cuba. Their new home seems in all respects congenial; and the Key Westers give them welcome.

GOSSIP OF THE FLEET.

The *Wabash* will go North for repairs, and the *Minnesota*, 45, will relieve her.

Rear-Admiral Sands is trying to have his time on the active list extended eighteen months, on the ground that he is the only person competent to work up the calculations of the transit of Venus. The officers of the navy are much opposed to this kind of special legislation, and will do their best to prevent such an unjust precedent being adopted.

It is probable that Rear-Admiral Reynolds will relieve Rear-Admiral Parrott in command of the Asiatic fleet. Rear-Admiral Worden will relieve Rear-Admiral Case in the Mediterranean when the latter's time is up. Commodore Rodgers will be

ordered to the Naval Academy as Superintendent, and Commodore Howell will take a Bureau in the Navy Department at Washington. No one is yet mentioned for the Bureau of Yards and Docks.

The ironclad *Roanoke* will be kept in New York Harbor as the flagship of Vice-Admiral Rowan.

When the ships now building and rebuilding are finished, there will be eleven small vessels added to the navy.

There are fifty vessels on the navy register perfectly worthless, and unfit for service.

Twenty-seven tugs appear on the register as part of our available navy, giving a wrong impression of our force. These vessels carry no guns, and can only be used for dispatch-boats and for towing.

There are thirty-six (36) available steamships of war in the navy, carrying five hundred and thirty-three guns, and six (6) ironclads, carrying fourteen guns.

The drill will not commence till after the arrival of Commodore Foxhall Parker, temporarily assigned Chief of Staff.

The first orders will be the rendezvous of the entire fleet at the Dry Tortugas.

Rear-Admiral Case will command the general movements of the fleet, and Commodore Parker the tactical operations and manœuvres.

The basis of organization for fleet manœuvres is the assembling of twelve or more vessels, which take the name of fleet, and are separated into three divisions of one, two or three squadrons, each squadron comprising not less than four vessels. The present fleet will be manœuvred on the basis of twenty-four vessels.

The system of Commodore Parker, now about to be tested, is extremely simple, embodying principally an adaptation of military to naval tactics, as far as possible. The entire drill was practically tried, in a small way, by the commodore during the two years that he commanded the *Potomac* flotilla. The system is extremely new as applied to fleet tactics, but would be recognized by any military officer familiar with the evolutions of regiments and divisions.

The Secretary of the Navy does not expect to be able to witness any part of the drill, in consequence of the necessity of his presence in Washington.

CHARITY CONCERTS ON BLACKWELL'S ISLAND.

DR. A. R. MacDONALD, of the Charity Hospital on Blackwell's Island, has introduced a series of weekly entertainments for the benefit of the convalescent patients, which are working much good. They are given every Friday evening, by some of the best talent in New York, which kindly volunteer their services in behalf of the poor unfortunates. After the concert, supper is served in the dining-room, and the singers express the highest gratification with the festive hospitalities of the evening.

Our illustration represents the scene at one of these concerts.

MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE, BOSTON.

THE new quarters of the Merchants' Exchange and Reading-room, just opened in Boston, are said to be unsurpassed in the world. The main hall is 60 x 80 feet, well lighted by windows and skylights. The floors are of black and white marble. There are fourteen newspaper-racks, a fire alarm, and in the rear is a retiring-room elegantly finished in mahogany, and upholstered in morocco. The offices are sumptuously furnished, and the floors covered with heavy Wilton carpets. A marble staircase leads from the main hall to the Exchange and Sample-room, which is 50 x 60 feet.

SCIENTIFIC.

CHARM AGAINST SNAKES.—Carbolic acid turns out to be a deadly poison to snakes, a few drops being sufficient to cause the almost instant death of the much-dreaded cobra. It has been proposed to supply the inhabitants of India with large amounts of carbolic soap; the idea being that as soon as the soap gets into general use the cobra will almost find it certain death to bite any one, and will soon come to regard that amusement in the light of suicide, and consequently will seek some other little game with which to while away his leisure hours.

IMPROVEMENT IN GAS-BURNERS.—In ordinary gas-burners the light-giving power of the gas is more or less lost because the inner part of the flame is not hot enough to burn all the carbon. A recent Belgian patent seeks to remedy this. Between the two holes in an ordinary Manchester or fish-tail burner there is fixed a little plate of platinum. The platinum is heated in the flame, and causes a more complete combustion of the gas, the velocity of outflow of which is at the same time diminished. More than double the brightness is said to be gained from the same quantity of gas. To prevent the platinum plate from being displaced, as it might be in some burners, four copper guards are placed around it.

DEATH IN WATER-TANKS.—Arthur B. Stout, M.D., of the California State Board of Health, in a paper recently read before the San Francisco Microscopical Society, took the ground that water-tanks on the tops of dwellings were really the source of fevers and other diseases. The water when first drawn from the tank may appear clear and pure, but in a short time it becomes cloudy, emits a faint odor, and soon turns to a greenish color. After a time green vegetable matter forms, some of which floats on the surface and also gathers on the bottom of the containing vessel. This vegetable growth now becomes the nidus or home of innumerable microscopic animalcules of many different species. In due time these plant and animal creations die, and decompose, adding thereby another noxious ingredient to the water. Such infected water when drunk produces nausea very promptly. The stomach recoils and indicates to the mind that something unhealthy has been swallowed. Water under the above conditions is unwholesome, and these tanks when neglected are the prolific generators of septic fevers, and other diseases of anemic type not necessarily febrile.

THE PROTECTION OF PLANTS BY ARTIFICIAL CLOUDS.—The practice among gardeners of protecting vegetables from the effects of frost by lighting fires at such points that the wind will carry the heated air and smoke over the plants is not new, and in some countries is one of commonest agricultural operations. The most recent experiments in this direction, and, perhaps, also the most extensive of late date, have been carried on by M. Fiaure de Rieux, one of the largest vine-growers in France. He considers that fires of tar or heavy oils are not suitable, notably from the fact that cheaper and more efficacious material can be obtained, and also that, in order to keep the former burning over a considerable period of time, an amount of attention is required which eventually becomes very onerous. Wheat chaff, he says, answers the purpose better than any substance he has used, as it burns slowly, produces large quantities of smoke, and costs but very little. Moss, sawdust or worthless hay may be employed when chaff is not conveniently obtained. The material is piled in heaps of about eight feet diameter, and forty feet apart. Three fires thus disposed are sufficient to protect two and a half acres of vines.

PERSONAL.

THEODORE TILTON is talking about a fourth term for Grant.

MR. BRIDGES' recent election from Birmingham cost him only \$145.

CHIEF JUSTICE WAITE is said to have the biggest head of any man in Ohio.

MRS. BELKNAP, wife of the Secretary, is said to be the belle of the Cabinet.

CANON KINGSLEY will be the guest of James T. Fields in Boston until he goes to other fields.

MARK TWAIN'S former private secretary, the King of Hawaii, is said to be dying of consumption.

POLICE CAPTAIN HOLBROOK, who recently attempted suicide on Staten Island, is rapidly recovering.

P. T. BARNUM has engaged one of the Crystal Palace gardeners to beautify his grounds at Waldenmere, Conn.

AN edition of Robert Buchanan's poetical and prose works, in five volumes, is to be issued shortly in London.

MRS. CHIEF JUSTICE WAITE is a handsome, stylish woman, fond of society, and her husband is fond of the Bar.

CANON KINGSLEY will lecture during his American tour, notwithstanding all announcements to the contrary.

MR. JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE has been elected an honorary member of the Rhode Island Historical Society.

FECHTER, the actor, had a little difficulty about a woman, and he is now basking amid the rural shades of Bucks County, Pa.

THE Rev. Dr. Tyng says that teaching children about denominational distinctions is like feeding them on chopped fence-rails.

VICTOR HUGO'S hair is as white as snow, while his bearing is said to be as proud and erect, and his eyes as magnetically brilliant, as ever.

JOSIE MASSFIELD, formerly one of James Fisk's wicked partners, has left Paris for St. Petersburg, and her friend Stokes is attending a Hudson River training school.

THE diamonds and point-lace worn by the wife of the Hon. Benjamin Wood, at the recent Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum ball in New York, were valued at over \$140,000.

MARSHAL BAZAINE occupies the apartment formerly tenanted by the Mar in the Iron Mask, but to provide him with a "special altar" special alterations have been made therein.

AFTER printing columns of interviews, the editor of the *Chicago Tribune* discovers that the system of interviewing is not only a nuisance, but an outrage on the public. He ought to know.

PARERA weighed about two hundred and forty-five pounds, and was five feet nine in height. She married the violinist Carl Rosa, who weighs one hundred and thirty-five, and measures five feet nothing.

STUART MACE, a young man of Moulton, Iowa, is building the smallest steam-engine in the world. Its cylinder is to be the size of a grain of wheat. The engineer will use an opera-glass to find the steam-gauges.

CARL SCHURZ'S daughter is said to have her mother's dark eyes, and something of her father's uncertain and nervous manner. She speaks French like a native, plays the piano and sings the song of the Schurz.

MISS CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG says that, after New York, she liked best to sing in Baltimore and Washington, for the simple reason that she always felt at home in these cities; and the people seem at home with her.

PROFESSOR AGASSIZ was never injured by the bite of a snake, or the poison of any venomous reptile, herb or flower—a fact attributed to the courage and impunity with which the naturalist moved among them in their wild state.

DR. CLARK, the author of a small book on the education of girls, has found himself famous in every direction. His work has gone already to a seventh edition, and he is praised and abused in public and in private to that extent he could not ask for greater notice.

THE missing, and doubtless drowned, Mrs. Adeline Badger, of Boston, was Hawthorne's model for his beautiful character *Hilda* in his "Marble Faun." She was in her girlhood days a member of the great novelist's family, and traveled with them in England and Italy.

At an ordination service, lately held in England, the Rev. Dr. Parker, delegate at the late meeting of the Evangelical Alliance in New York, said that when he heard Henry Ward Beecher preach in Plymouth Church, it seemed to him that he had never heard a good preacher before.

HORACE GREELEY said that Mr. Watterson, editor of the *Louisville Journal*, was becoming one of the great writers of this country, and Mr. Watterson declares that "honesty and integrity are rapidly becoming so odious in this country, that we begin to fear we shall soon have to go abroad to keep from being tarred and feathered."

MISS ANNA C. BRACKETT'S book, "The Education of American Girls," will contain reports of the results of woman's work in Antioch, Oberlin and Vassar Colleges, and in the University of Michigan. It aims to show that women are competent, physically and mentally, to attain an education equal to that of men, in contradiction to Dr. Clark's recent book on "Sex in Education."

JOAQUIN MILLER found Geneva full of his countrymen. He drove to the nearest boat and asked the clerk to take him to some place where there were no Americans. The clerk looked at him for a moment, then hopelessly up and down the lake, and away across toward Mount Blanc, and at last shook his head. Suddenly a new idea seemed to strike him, and he lifted his eyes toward heaven.

EX-MAYOR HALL has five daughters and one son. The latter busies himself with a printing press, preparatory to learning the art of printing practically, and then journalism. One of the daughters is a designer and etcher; the second, a writer of children's books and a pianist; the third, a student of lyric art; the fourth, an accomplished amateur actress; and the fifth is learning to be a modiste and milliner.

THE co-partnership of Mr. A. T. Stewart and Mr. George Fox is dissolved. Mr. Fox managed the establishments in Great Britain. His relations with the dry goods prince were similar to those held by the late Mr. Francis Worden, who was at the head of Mr. Stewart's house on the Continent. He was born in Philadelphia, and when a young man entered the employ of Mr. Stewart. His services were so valuable that the latter made him a special partner. He retires from business worth several millions.

SIR HENRY HOLLAND, in his "Recollections," remarked that no poet had ever described the phenomenon of the sun and moon both above the horizon at the hour of sunset. "A Lincolnshire Rector," in *Macmillan's Magazine*, says that Mr. Tennyson has described the sight, and adds that upon his native Lincolnshire marshes he might well have beheld it. These are the lines:

"The charming sunset lingered low adown
In the red west;
They sat them down upon the yellow sand,
Between the sun and moon, upon the shore."



HON. PINCKNEY B. S. PINCHBACK, CLAIMANT OF THE VACANT UNITED STATES SENATORSHIP FOR LOUISIANA.

HON. PINCKNEY BENTON STEWART PINCHBACK.

MR. PINCHBACK is a native of Georgia, and about thirty-eight years of age. He was educated at Cincinnati, where his instruction was so thorough that, on his advent in political circles, he was found to be a ready debater, and possessed of all the requisites of a pure politician. He was a member of the Constitutional Convention of Louisiana, and subsequently was elected to the State Senate. On the accession of Governor Warmoth he became Lieutenant-Governor, and proved a very intractable subordinate. He came near getting control of the State Government and becoming Governor. Owing to certain laws it was supposed that the Liberal Republican candidate, H. C. Warmoth, had peculiar advantages in the gubernatorial race. But a previous session of the Legislature had repealed these laws, and the Governor's signature was only wanting to make them valid again. While Pinchback was in Maine, speaking for Grant, Warmoth was called to New York on urgent business. Then a conspiracy was planned for Pinchback to hasten back and sign the Bills referred to. Warmoth happened to meet him in New York, however, and suspecting something wrong, he took special trains home, and by telegraphing, managed to have Pinchback delayed until he overtook him. Since then the subject of our illustration has been a prominent actor in the disgraceful scenes of that State. There have been two Legislatures, and, in fact, two Governments; and at the recent election Pinchback claimed to have been elected United States Senator over William McMillan.

NEW POST OFFICE AND CUSTOM HOUSE, ST. LOUIS, MO.

THE plans for the new Post Office and Custom House, to be erected in St. Louis, Mo., were prepared by A. E. Mullett, Supervising Architect of



STATUE OF GENERAL PHILIP KEARNEY, CONTRIBUTED BY THE STATE OF NEW JERSEY TO THE GROUP OF STATE HEROES AT THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

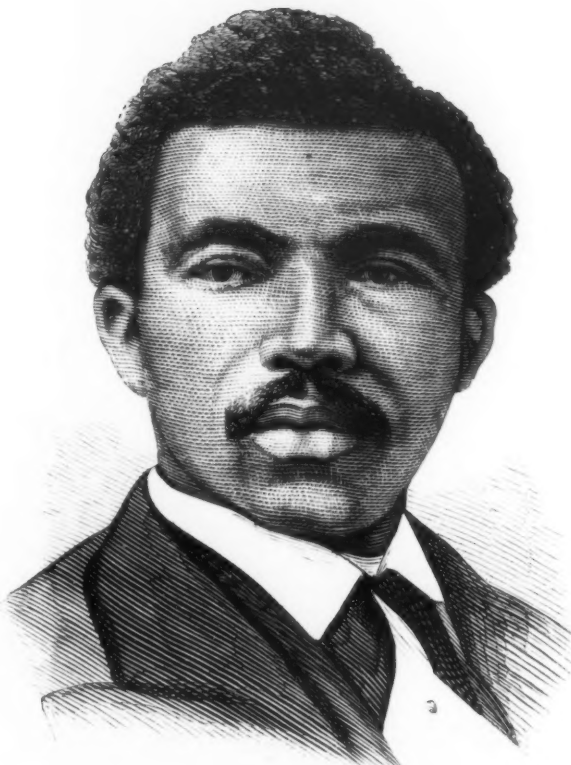
the United States Treasury Department. The structure, as will be seen by a glance at the engraving, will be a substantial and ornate one, and of sufficient size to accommodate the vast amount of public business that the wonderful progress of the city has developed. Its architectural appearance is bold but harmonious, the spacious dome adding greatly to the *tout ensemble*. It is expected that five years will be occupied with its erection.

THE "EDGAR STEWART."

IT is generally understood that the alleged filibustering steamer *Edgar Stewart*, which we illustrate, is making preparations for an expedition to Cuba. She has been undergoing repairs in Baltimore for some time. Her register is in the hands of the collector of the port, and she will not be allowed to leave under any circumstances without full consent of the proper authorities in Washington. The vessel was built at Guilford, Conn., in 1869, and, according to her papers, she is owned by Z. W. Butcher, of New York. She is a small two-masted steamer, of about five hundred tons burden, with powerful engines, and her speed is said to be very great. She is in the hands of Colonel Aguerro, who has landed several expeditions in Cuba.

GEN. "PHIL" KEARNEY IN BRONZE.

A RESOLUTION passed the New Jersey Legislature, in 1868, appropriating \$15,000 for statues of Commodore Richard Stockton in marble, and fighting "Phil" in bronze, to be contributed by the State to the National Gallery of Statuary in Washington. The latter is now completed, and temporarily resting in the Capitol at Trenton. It was modeled by H. K. Brown, of Newburg, N. Y., and cast at the foundry of Robert Wood, Philadelphia. It is nearly the hero's size in height, and represents the general as he appeared on his return from the Franco-Austrian war. This work of art has excited much comment. On the one hand it is claimed that it does not represent a soldier of the United States; that the uniform is eccentric; that the sash and sword were on the right side instead of the left, and that the regulations of uniform have been clearly violated. On the other it is claimed that the statue shows the lamented general



HON. ROBERT BROWN ELLIOT, AN ELOQUENT NEGRO CONGRESSMAN FROM CALHOUN'S OLD DISTRICT, SOUTH CAROLINA.



ST. LOUIS, MO.—PROPOSED CUSTOM-HOUSE AND POST-OFFICE.

in his favorite dress: that he wore his sword and sash on the right side, as, having lost the left arm, he had accustomed the other to drawing the sword from the right hip. "Phil" Kearney was eccentric in these matters, so much so that the whim became second nature; and although the sculptor has not carried out the strict letter of the regulation, he has represented his subject in the arrangement of dress in which the general always appeared, and in which he was best known by his associates and acquaintances.

HON. ROBERT B. ELLIOT.

HON. ROBERT BROWN ELLIOT, whose portrait appears in this issue, is the representative of the South Carolina District that for many years sent John C. Calhoun to Congress. He was born in Boston, but is apparently of unmixed African blood. After a voyage to England, he passed through the High Holborn Academy in London, and graduated from Eton College in 1859. In 1866 he went from Massachusetts to Charleston, and began his career there as a printer in a newspaper edited by his present colleague, Mr. Ransier. In 1868 he was a member of the State Constitutional Convention, and during the same year he was sent to Congress. In March, 1869, he was Assistant Adjutant-General, which position he held until he was elected to the Forty-second and Forty-third Congresses.

He is 31 years old, and an eloquent orator of experience. In the early part of last month he delivered his great speech on the Civil Rights Bill, in reply to Alexander H. Stephens.

venerable head gamekeeper—having dispensed his regular rations to the reindeer, "Old Joe," the huge black bear, the tame foxes, the pheasants and the miscellaneous fowls—in the act of bestowing his favors upon the pet deer that make the gamekeeper's lodge their constant headquarters. One of these beautiful animals is from Florida, one from Tennessee, one from Ohio, and the fourth is a native. It might seem rather difficult to reconcile the association of the two monster boar-hounds with the other members of the group—hounds of the noblest German lineage. Nevertheless, these magnificent brutes recognize the gentle creatures beside them as friends always. Born and bred in the park, "Brutus" and "Cleopatra" have learned to consider them as their wards. There are a score of other deer within the high inclosure of the breeding-park, but they are always shy, and flee on the approach of visitors. Each of these pet deer has a little tinkling bell attached to its neck. They invariably follow retiring visitors to the park-gates, a half-mile distant in either direction. Linger there until they are out of sight, they return, with electric leaps, to the lodge.

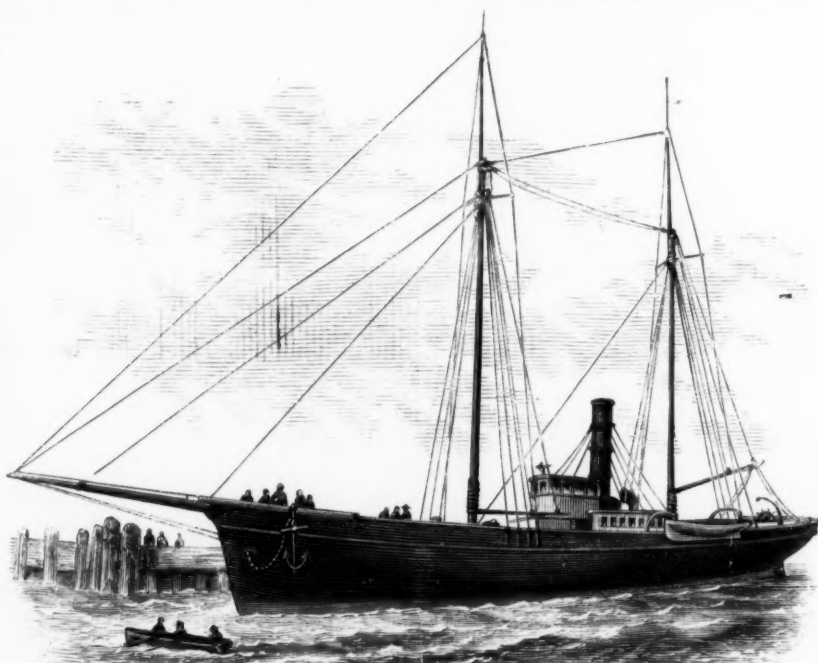
MANUFACTURE OF SHERRY.

THERE is a story of a Scotch blacksmith who was a deep drinker, but who had never been seen really drunk. Some of his friends one night played a trick on him which brought him under the table. They set before him a bottle of whisky and a jug of hot whisky, which he took for hot water, and he was surprised to find that the more water he put in his toddy the stronger it became. The fortifying processes which are applied to sherry are of a similar character. The manufacturer in Spain adds so much alcohol, and the wine merchant in England adds so much more. According to competent authorities, sherry (and we are now speaking of the better qualities of this wine,) after it has undergone a certain amount of fermentation, receives an addition of spirit—said to be six gallons per butt—and another four gallons on being shipped. Next, there is an addition of so much "mother wine"—old brood-wine kept for the purpose—to give flavor; while richness and color are produced by an infusion of the "doctor," composed of wine made from juice concentrated by boiling. When it comes to England more brandy is added, and there is a great deal of mixing of different wines. Dr. Thudichum states, as the result of his observation and experiments, that "caramel,"

WINTER SPORTS AT BLOOMING GROVE PARK.

FEEDING THE DEER.

CONTINUING our series of sketches in Blooming Grove Park, Pa., we give in this Number a scene of daily occurrence. It represents the



BALTIMORE, MD.—THE STEAMER "EDGAR STEWART," ALLEGED TO BE FITTING UP AS A CUBAN FILIBUSTER.



PENNSYLVANIA.—PIKE COUNTY.—A MORNING SCENE IN BLOOMING GROVE PARK.—THE GAMEKEEPER FEEDING THE DEER.—SKETCHED BY MATT MORAN.

Matt Moran

used for producing color, contains from 35 to 50 per cent. of proof spirit; and that the "duke," which is added to give sweetness to the brew, contains about 33.78 per cent. of proof spirit. Ultimately, brandy is added to the mixture to the extent of fortifying it up to 35 as the minimum, most frequently up to 40 or 42, and sometimes up to 50 per cent. of proof spirit. Dr. Thudichum remarks that this is not, in the ordinary sense, a process of adulteration, but the regular process of manufacture, and suggests that it may be a question whether it leaves room for adulteration, and whether, in fact, all sherry is not adulterated from the first. He also points out that the must is further adulterated by the addition of a large quantity of plaster-of-paris; and that while bakers are prosecuted and fined for adding a trifling quantity of alum to their bread, plastered wine is regarded as a natural and legitimate preparation.

INFORMATION FOR THE LADIES. EVERY LADY HER OWN DRESSMAKER.

LADIES who wish to have the most fashionable dresses made to fit the figure with the greatest precision should forward a stamp to FRANK LESLIE'S PATTERN DEPARTMENT, 298 Broadway, with their address in full, when a catalogue will be immediately sent them, which will afford full information of every fashionable dress in season. Ladies have, when ordering, merely to send the number of the pattern in the catalogue, with exact breast measurement, taken as instructed on the first page. Upon receipt of 25 cents, a paper pattern (life-size) will be sent, so perfect, that every lady can cut out the dress required, and make it up herself, thus saving the expense and trouble of a dressmaker. We receive on all sides the most gratifying testimonials of the superiority of our patterns to all others, as to style and elegance of model.

Pattern Department,
FRANK LESLIE'S LADY'S JOURNAL,
298 Broadway, N. Y.

FUN!

THE home circuit—Walking about with a baby at night.

Axiom for the kitchen—Things rubbed against a grater become less.

"My son," said a man of doubtful morals, putting his hand on the head of a young urchin, "I believe Satan has got hold of you." "I believe so, too," was the urchin's reply.

TOM—Hello, Fred! What! you writing poetry?
FRED—Yes, I'm writing an *ode* to my tailor.
TOM—What's the time and tune?
FRED—Time, sixty days. It's set to note of mine in his possession.

AN Irishman remarked to his companion, on observing a lady pass: "Pat, did you ever see so thin a woman as that before?" "Thin," replied the other; "both—ashun, I seen one as thin as two of her put together, I have."

AN Irish juror having applied to the judge to be excused from serving, on account of deafness, the judge said, "Could you hear my charge to the jury, sir?" "Yes, I heard your honor's charge," said Paddy; "but I couldn't make sense out of it."

A PHILOSOPHICAL victim advertises as follows: "If the person who took a fancy to my overcoat was influenced by the inclemency of the weather, then, contrary to the weather, all is serene; but if he did so from commercial considerations, I am ready to enter into financial considerations for its return."

THE most appalling case of deafness outside of an asylum was that of an old lady who lives just across the street from the Navy Yard gate. The other day they fired a salute of thirteen guns. The old lady was observed to start and listen as the last gun was fired, and then she exclaimed: "Come in!"

A NEW HAMPSHIRE farmer went to a Thursday evening prayer-meeting last week, and was so conscience-stricken that he returned home and knocked in the heads of six cider barrels. They say that if he will pay some of his old debts standing for the last ten years they will believe him to be genuine.

A YOUNG man in Indiana sues his father for loaned money, which the father claims was his own property. The father's counsel, in summing up the case of his client, remarked: "Twice has this prodigal returned to his father's house; twice has he been received with open arms; twice for him has the fatted calf been killed; and now he comes back and wants the old cow."

MASTER COLVILLE received a prize Friday afternoon for a composition on Reverence, and further distinguished himself in the evening, on the occasion of the pastor's visit, by shutting the tails of the dominie's coat in the parlor-door, and impelling him to leave them there by introducing a pin in his chair. The pastor returned home with a cloud on his brow, and one of Colville's coats on his back, leaving Master Colville executing a hornpipe in the woodshed under the auspices of his father.

A FEW days ago a colored man applied at one of the Boston savings banks where he had a deposit, and whence he wished to draw a dollar. The polite clerk informed him that the iron rule of the institution forbade the withdrawal of a less sum than three dollars. Our colored brother was in deep study for a few moments, and then said: "Sar, I'll take the free dollars." The three dollars were paid to him, when he at once added: "Now, sar, if you please sar, I'll posit two dollars in de institution." The amount was duly received and credited to his account, when, with his lone dollar in his pocket, he gave the clerk a sly wink, and walked away whistling, "Catch a weasel asleep."

Blemishes that for ten years may have been accumulating on the face of a lady are removed by "LADY'S BLOOM OF YOUTH," and her complexion rendered fresh and fair. Sold by all druggists.

SO HIGH a reputation has the Union Square Hotel gained for its matchless cuisine, that strangers and visitors to this metropolis actually travel miles to enjoy a meal at its table. The fame of Mr. Savori is spreading fast, and the best European judges pronounce him equal to Cude and Sayer. As we have tried the excellence of Messrs. Dam & Sanborn's repasts, we advise all who wish to know what a perfect breakfast, lunch, dinner or supper is, to try one of these meals, when they will acknowledge that the cuisine of the Union Square Hotel is not excelled by any establishment of the kind in the world. The perfect order, decorum, elegance and fastidious cleanliness have given to the restaurant department of Messrs. Dam & Sanborn's Hotel a reputation which cannot fail to make the quiet of a home, with the conveniences of the most it, *par excellence*, the place for an epicure to feel the greatest satisfaction. In addition we may add that the charges are most reasonable. We trust our readers will test the truth of our commendation by giving the Union Square Hotel a trial. But the excellence of the cuisine is only one of the claims which Messrs. Dam & Sanborn have upon the community. They have the finest rooms in New York, admirably appointed. They have, in fact,

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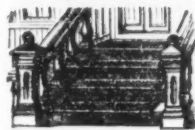
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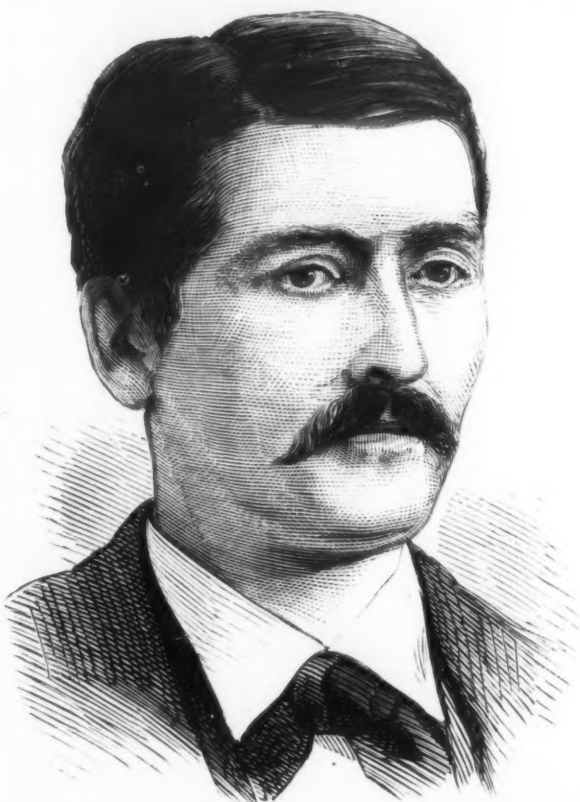
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